SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

LORD COURTNEY, in the current number of the Contemporary Review, (London), states that the Dominion of Canada will eventually be merged into the United States. He believes that the irresistible force of gravitation, one to the other, will, whether or no, bring these two countries together. A quarter century ago, or even less, this information would have been received in Canada in a more kindly spirit than it will be to-day. Where once the annexationist was to be found in every quarter of the country, he has now become almost as scarce as the dodo. In other words he is well-nigh extinct. Within the recollection of the present generation many of our public men, some of the foremost in the land, preached annexation. But that day is past.

That trade follows the flag, is a well-worked maxim. But the fact that the flag follows trade is equally true. In the old days, when Canada was still in her swaddling clothes, when her West was unknown, her foreign trade undeveloped, her mineral resources a matter of the future, her manufacturing at a standstill and her young men going United Statesward by every train and boat, Canadians looked upon the neighboring Republic with no unkindly eye. It seemed in those days that this country would not and could not succeed without the help of the growing Republic to the Southward. In those days the United States tariff makers dealt kindly with Canada. She bought our goods in plenty; she was by far our best market, and we in turn purchased largely from her.

But times and conditions have both changed. The Washington high tariff maniacs began putting every possible trade hindrance in our way, and we of necessity turned to other markets with what we had to sell. England opened her ports to us. Without let or hindrance we sold her our goods, and suddenly Canadians began to realize that after all they were not dependent upon the United States.

Now another crisis has arisen. Canada finds that she must conserve her forests; that long enough she has made it easy for Americans to buy our pulpwood, ship it to the United States and there make it into paper. The Province of Ontario has prohibited the export of pulpwood from Crown lands, the Province of Quebec will soon follow with like legislation and it is quite possible that further legislation will be forthcoming which will entirely prevent the export of pulpwood from Canada, be it from Crown lands or from private-owned preserves.

I am quite safe in saying that if the position was reversed; if the United States owned the pulp wood and not Canada that that country would, a generation ago, have enacted like legislation. But now that the shoe is on the other foot and the shoe chances to pinch a bit, the United States legislators, immediately enact measures of retaliation. They may protect their trade with all sorts of unneighborly obstructions, but it is both unholy and unfair for another country to offer the least bit of protection to the most valuable thing she owns—her forests.

On broad general lines I would venture the statement that Lord Courtney was never farther from the truth than he is at the present moment.

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CANADA has had recently two concrete examples of the folly of buying mining stocks on margin. One night the gentle speculative lambs went to bed with the wholesome assurance that in all human probability they would on the morrow be dollars richer. They awoke, however, to find that their holdings in two leading Cobalt mines had faded away on the stock market like a wagon load of ice in an August sun. "Inside manipulation" some call it. "Freezing some one out," says the professional stock gambler. It's all the same to the lambs, for they in the interval have lost their money, and Cobalt has lost credit in the financial world. If there is nothing wrong with the Larose and Nipissing properties—and let us hope for the credit of Ontario and Canada that nothing is wrong—then the managements of these two corporations would bear investigation. It took years to build up public confidence in Nipissing and Larose, but it only took sixty minutes to undo it all.

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IT is really a pity that the glories of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York should have been weighed down with Vice-President Sherman's spread-eagle oratory. He told his hearers among other things that Fulton conquered the kingdom of the water; that Wilbur Wright conquered the kingdom of the air, that John W. Draper conquered the kingdom of light, and that Benjamin Franklin conquered the kingdom of fire. This list of "Americans" whom Mr. Sherman put in the conquering class may be let out with an old familiar newspaper line: important if true. But unfortunately for Mr. Sherman they don't happen to be true.

With the exception of Franklin's achievement, these conquests were but adaptations of what other men in other countries had done previously. Robert Fulton was not the inventor of the steamboat, nor the first to navigate a vessel by steam with success. James Watt, a Scotchman, took out a patent for a steamboat at Glasgow in 1769. The first steamboat ever built, named the "Charlotte Dundas," was launched on October 14, 1788, and was run successfully on the Forth and Clyde canal. The "Clermont" was not built until nineteen years after that, in 1807.

Because the paddle wheels washed down the banks of the canal the "Charlotte Dundas" was laid up. Henry Symington, another Scotsman, took out a patent for a steamboat in Scotland in 1801. Fulton, while in Scotland, heard of the steamboat and seeing the use that could be made of the invention on the wide rivers of America, obtained drawings of it and its engine. On his return to New York he, with the help of Livingston, built the "Clermont" in 1807, getting her engine from Boulton & Watt, of the Soho Iron Works, near Birmingham, England.

As for the alleged conquest of the air, Santos Dumont, a Brazilian, preceded Wilbur Wright, and Count Zeppelin, the German aviator, with his dirigible balloon, also had the start of the American. There were French inventors, too, whose flights were coeval with the performances of the Wright brothers. Photography was, as every one knows, first applied by Daguerre, a Frenchman, who was preceded by Wedgwood, Humphry Davy and Herschell.

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TOM JOHNSON, of Cleveland, hands out through a recent issue of The Toronto Globe some sage advice concerning Toronto's radial railway system. Among other things Mr. Johnson, who is Mayor of Cleveland, and is numbered among America's successful street railway magnates, states that the people of Toronto should absolutely decline to make any pledge of perpetual entrance; that there should be no overlapping of franchises; and further, that there is no economic reason—and Tom Johnson must know—why a street railway should demand a long term franchise, for the long term or perpetual franchise is not necessary to finance all needed improvements and extensions.

While it is not at all probable that the people of Toronto will grant anything like a long term franchise, not to speak of perpetual rights, it is well, nevertheless, to keep these questions stored away in the mind. At the moment we have here in Canada an excellent example of overlapping street railway franchises, for Montreal finds herself tied up in such a manner that a full half century must elapse before it will be necessary for the Montreal Street Railway to trouble itself regarding extensions of contract. Town after town, on the borders of that city (many of which now form part of the city proper) were gently approached by the diplomatic officials of the M.S.R., and in a large majority of cases, fifty year contracts were forthcoming. These little affairs made no noise at the time, but one fine day the city awoke with a jolt to find itself tied up just as completely as if a fifty year contract had been given over the entire system.

It is very rightly argued, perhaps, that under no circumstances could that city give its citizens as satisfactory a service as it now receives. But the lesson is there, and Torontonians who run may read.

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THE news that Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson has resigned the presidency of the Grand Trunk Pacific system will not cause any great amount of surprise. To my mind the weak spot in the entire Grand Trunk organization was the fact that its president, and presumably the active head of the corporation, was located in England, whereas the work was all in Canada. Sir Charles unquestionably took pains to keep himself informed as well as he could upon Canadian affairs, and his trips to this country were annual events in Grand Trunk circles; but it was not quite the same as living among the people with whom he dealt. No one operates a plant so well as the man on the ground.

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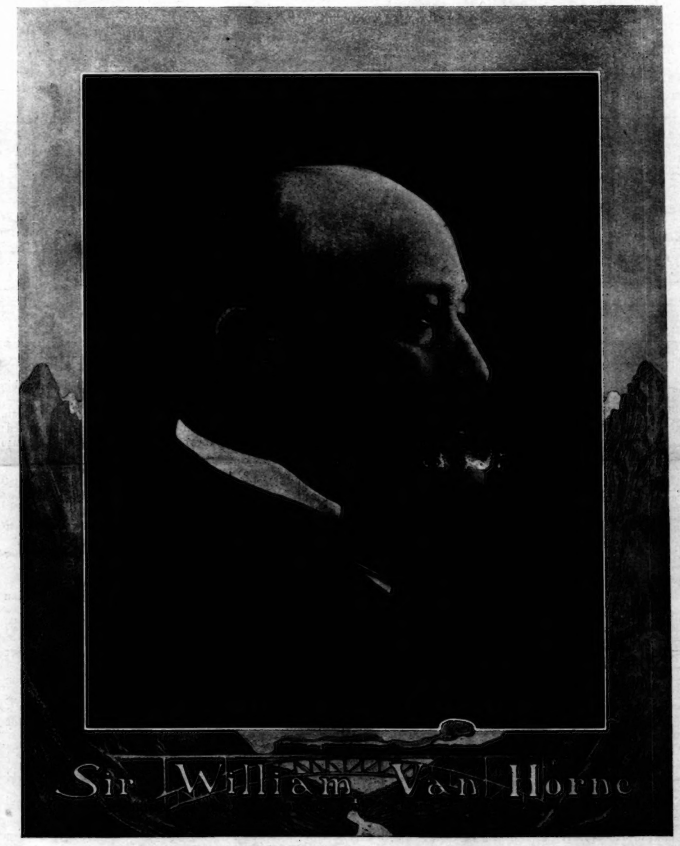
RECENT statistics published by the American Government give evidence of the rapid increase of divorce in that country. The report of the Census Bureau shows that almost a million divorces were granted in the twenty years from 1887 to the end of 1906, as against a third of that number in the previous twenty years. The report furthermore states that the rate is increasing every year with such rapidity that it is impossible to form any idea as to the probable matrimonial status of the people in a few years' time. Such an announcement as this may be expected to arouse from pulpit and press a storm of indignant protest against the spirit of the age. And certainly such figures as these, indicating as they do so frightful an extent of domestic misery, are not a cheerful subject for contemplation. But there is one aspect in which they are relieved somewhat of their melancholy suggestiveness; and as this is a point of view from which they are seldom considered, I make no apology for calling the reader's attention to it. It is this: A high divorce rate no doubt indicates a great amount of unhappiness and sin; but it also indicates that people are protesting and struggling against such unhappiness and sin so far as in them lies. It indicates that they are demanding a higher standard in domestic relations than they have hitherto been satisfied with. If divorce suits show that some people have sinned, they also show that other people have refused to condone the sin by going on living with them; and this attitude is at least as respectable as that which accepts the sin as a matter of course, or a thing to be met by resignation, patient or otherwise. A high divorce rate, from this point of view, is not necessarily a proof of the depravity of a people—it may even be evidence of the contrary. That a man feels obliged to bathe often doesn't prove that he is less clean than his neighbor who doesn't. It merely shows that it worries him more to be unclean. I therefore manage to maintain a certain cheerfulness of outlook on the domestic future of the United States, in spite of divorce statistics and the resulting jeremiads.



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A LADY in discussing the Lords and the poor of England (the letter appears in another column) points out the fact that there are many, many good landlords among England's aristocrats; that there are many who aid their tenants in every possible manner, and who yearly utilize a large proportion of their incomes in good works. This is unquestionably true. It must be true, for the very reason that landlordism has, so far, in England withstood the ebb and flow of popular sentiment. Among all the great self-governing nations, England excepted, landlordism has either fallen away of its own accord, or has been cut off root and branch as in France a hundred years ago or more.

This question, however, is hardly the issue of the moment. It is rather, will landlordism continue? Should it continue? In other words: Is the Duke worth the price?

In Germany upward of one-half the land is owned by several millions of small proprietors, each possessing fifty acres or less. In England to-day over one-half the land is owned by a little over five thousand people, and these five thousand and odd possess each one thousand acres and upward. In France there are a thousand small landed proprietors where one existed a century ago, and France to-day is called the world's great banker. A little over a half century ago two and one-half million people were engaged in agriculture in Great Britain. To-day they number less than one million. Thus we have before us a concrete example of the conservatism of land by the few and something of what it means to the many.

The territorial landlord individually may be a most exemplary citizen and probably is, but he is in the main a non-producer, and like all non-producers, a burden on the community. "He gives away his money," says my fair correspondent. Very true. But did he earn this money, or is it largely what is earned by his tenants? Long ago, when the world was two thousand years younger, Rome faced the self-same problem. The patrician gathered in the acres. The free farmers who had fed Cæsar's legions when he conquered the world took to the cities, and that was the beginning of the end of the Roman Empire.

Is it better to have an open-handed aristocracy feeding the hungry of England, or is it better that they should feed themselves? Men and women all over the world are land hungry. It's in the blood. When we eradicate it we wipe out nearly all the good there is in us. I take it that the tenant of England does not differ from the rest of humanity. He does not want someone to help him. All he wants is a fair, square chance to help himself.

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THERE is considerable temptation to indulge in some rather obvious moralizing on the subject of the Barrie divorce suit, which is just now attracting world-wide attention among people who read and people who write. The distinguished Scotch author has for many years been regarded—in newspaper and magazine—as among the most fortunate of the brethren of his craft. Now the public has suddenly come to learn that even his enviable position as novelist and playwright does not make him immune from great unhappiness—suffering bitter enough to lead a man of even his morbidly reserved character to seek relief from the public courts of law. This is where Sir Moralizer has his opportunity to come charging into the lists, swinging the mace of ponderous platitude, and proclaiming to all the earth the vanity of human wishes and the sorrow that waits on greatness. And the multitude of those who are neither great nor near-great—who sit in the "bleachers," as it were—listen eagerly, mightily surprised to find that this man Barrie was not so happy as they had supposed. Their curiosity is aroused, for "none think the great unhappy but the great"; and so they look eagerly for all the details of this man's misery. And this is why the petition for silence, which was signed by so many distinguished literary men and sent around to the great London papers and telegraphed to all the world, will be of slight avail. People want to know about this case, and they will get the story. It may seem monstrous that it should be so, and that a great writer should not have the ordinary man's right to settle his domestic difficulties under a kindly veil of silence. But James Matthew Barrie must pay the penalty of his eminence, and his private affairs must be made a spectacle for the hundreds of thousands who have bought his books or borrowed them from a circulating library, and so have come to feel a certain proprietary interest in their author. And therefore John Jones, who is a butcher, and who knows Barrie's name from hearing his "eddicated" daughter speak of him, will read of the Scotch novelist's domestic unhappiness, will dismiss it with casual insolence, and will probably thank God that he is not "one of them writin' fellers." David Harum stated once that it was well for a dog to have fleas, for it kept him from worrying about being a dog. Sometimes it would seem, however, that there is vastly more consolation in knowing that the other dog has them.

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PROF. JOHN B. WATSON of Johns Hopkins appears to have partially answered a question which has been vexing naturalists for many years. This is whether wild birds find their way north or south, as it may happen, by blind instinct, or whether in a homely but effective sort of way they are familiar with the geographical features of the country or countries over which they pass in their migratory flights. Up to the time of Prof. Watson's experiments the homing or carrier pigeon had usually been the bird employed in the endeavor to unravel the mystery, but the use of these birds never led to any satisfactory conclusion, mainly for the reason that the very methods used in training the carrier made it possible for him to become familiar with enormous territory; and therefore the naturalists were never quite certain whether it was the aid of visual landmarks or an instinctive knowledge of direction which led the homing pigeon back to his cote.

With the idea of arriving at something like a correct solution of the mystery, Prof. Watson travelled down to Bird Key—a little deserted mound of sand about three hundred yards in diameter, lying in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. This Key is a member of the Dry Tortugas group (sixty-five miles due west from Key West). The birds in question are the noddy and sooty terns, belonging to the gull family, and not differing much in general size from the homing pigeon. In the fall and winter months they are to be found distributed generally over the tropical waters of the Caribbean Sea. On the first day of May, almost to the day, about twenty-five to thirty thousand of them migrate to Bird Key, and remain there for the nesting-season. Bird Key is thus the northern limit of migration. A study of their habits showed Prof. Watson that they do not go out over the water in their search for food for distances greater than fifteen to eighteen miles, consequently any distance north of Bird Key greater than this would take the birds into an unknown territory. Here if anywhere, then, he had material at hand for carrying out experiments upon distant orientation.

"There can be no doubt that my birds were carried into a wholly unknown territory, and since they returned, the question as to how they did it is the one which it is hoped future experiment will answer," says Dr. Watson in Harper's Magazine. "The generally accepted theory up to the present time has been that the birds return by means of visual landmarks, but here there are no familiar visual landmarks. It seems to me that the 'visual-landmark' theory of distant orientation is forever exploded by these tests. What we shall put in place of it is difficult to de-

cide. Birds have an extremely sensitive temperature sense, or a very fine sense of touch, which may aid them in detecting warm or cold, wet or dry, violent or gentle air currents, but such a supposition is doubly precarious for the reason that we do not at present know anything about the perfection of their senses of touch and of temperature; and secondly, granted that they have such senses finely enough developed, are the air currents constant enough and distinctive enough to afford a basis for getting back from any point of the compass?

"Shall we, then, assume a special homing-sense and forthwith call our problem solved? This might satisfy the dilettante, but not the scientist. If the facts demand it, he is willing to assume a special sense, but the moment the assumption is made it becomes his duty to locate the sense organ responsible for it and to tell how the organ works, and what its relation is to the other sense-organs. That such a special sense, if it exists, is intimately related to vision in some way is shown by the fact that birds, as a rule, do not fly at night and that blind birds can not find the way home. This may be due to the fact that light is necessary for any kind of general bodily activity. Blind birds or birds kept in a photographic dark room are at first almost incapable of taking care of themselves. They behave much like birds whose cerebral hemispheres (the two largest portions of the brain) have been removed. The fact that birds are helpless in the dark is thus no proof that there is no special homing sense. All that we can say at present is that light would be as necessary for the operation of such a supposed sense as it is for the other senses. Popular interest in distant orientation would be more or less satisfied if a special homing-sense were to be brought in to explain the facts of the case, but the real work on the problem would then have only seriously begun for the scientist. It is probably too early yet to say that the case is made out for a special homing-sense. The evidence, however, is too strong for us to deny that some sense other than vision is employed by animals in finding the way home."

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NOW that we are bound to have navy yards and build war ships I am left in a state of wonderment as to what is to become of the navy yards between spasms. Navy yards cost a heap of money in the first place, and must of necessity keep employed constantly like other plants if they are to be operated on a systematic and economical basis. Are we to construct one lot of war ships, or are we to keep on building them for years to come? To me one process looks as wasteful as the other.

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IT is reported that the wheat-farmers of the West are likely to get control of the C.P.R. grain elevators at Fort William, as part of a system whereby they will be enabled to ship their grain all the way to Liverpool without it leaving their hands until it reaches its final destination. This is as it should be. Farmers have too long dealt through middlemen, whose profits have been out of all proportion to their share of the work. It has long been a generally accepted principle that everyone made money out of the products of the soil except the man who raised them. But the farmers now seem bent on making it a principle which will find, not acceptance, but exception. And such a step as the acquirement of the C.P.R. elevators by the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association calls the attention of the general public in a striking manner to the rapid development and great power of such associations of farmers. This is an age of organization, and though agriculture has been slow to be affected by this tendency towards co-operation—owing perhaps to the tremendous extent of the interests involved, and the extreme difficulty of obtaining unity of action—the time has come when farmers realize that they must stand together for their common interests. The result has been the foundation and rapid growth of a multitude of farmers' associations of various kinds. And these have already been productive of great good, inasmuch as they have helped the farmer to protect himself more and more against the vagaries of the market. As these associations gain in strength, there will be less and less of the rushing to market which takes the farmer's grain when prices are lowest and stores it up to yield golden returns to astute middlemen. What storing is to be done the farmer will do, and he will take the profits.

A striking instance of what can be done by farmers' associations is furnished in the case of the growers of Rockyford canteloupes. It shows on a small scale the possibilities of such co-operation. For many years the farmers who raised the famous melons of Rockyford, Colorado, were at the mercy of buyers in the East. Their output was shipped to the large cities on the Atlantic seaboard, to be sold by auction or otherwise for what it would bring; and the returns were often hardly enough to pay the expenses of shipment. Frequently, while being hawked about in search of a good market, the melons were spoiled and the venture became for the farmer a complete loss. Finally, after years of bitter experience, the farmers decided to form an association and take control of the situation. They did so, and the results were immediately felt. In a short time the big commission houses of the East had to send their buyers to the farmers' association, and the melons were bought and paid for on the ground. In this way the other fellow took the risks and the farmer got his fair share of the profits. Of course, this is a small crop and limited to one locality, but it shows what can be accomplished by co-operation; and the results are surely great enough to make it worth while striving to realize them on a much larger scale. The wheat-farmers of the West seem likely to achieve this, and such a step as their acquirement of the elevators at Fort William will do much to convince the public that the day of the "Rube" and the "hayseed" is almost done, and that the farmer of the present and the future is as much a business man as the one who runs a factory.

THE COLONEL.

Cy. Warman Says "Save the Summer."

To the Editor of Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—This is a good suggestion: "Suppose there are fifty thousand tourists travelling on our railways, living in our hotels, shopping in our shops on September 1. At the very lowest they would spend two dollars a day. A million and a half in two weeks. This is a golden stream, a Danae shower, that is worth cherishing. We take the stranger in and do well by him. If we can contrive to hold half a month longer, we can do him that much better. Therefore, Save the Summer."

The farmer needs another week or two to gather his crops. The school children need another week or two out in the open before school begins.

The railways need another week or two to transport the swelling tide of returning tourists before the rush to the Toronto Exhibition. The hotels need their rooms to enable these returning travelers to stop over a few days as they pass out.

Canada needs money. Moreover, she has a right to it. She gives, in return, every day, health, life, golden sunshine, Autumn tints, and Cobalt skies. Canada, I take it, wants her visitors properly housed, handled and entertained, to the end that they not only come again but bring others with them; and yet at the very moment when the transportation companies and the hotels are taxed to the limit trying to take care of the regular summer travel, here comes the Toronto Exhibition (best on earth), asking low rates and a service unsurpassed. And then, by an heroic effort the railways rush a million people through the Union Station, turn them into your choked streets and your hotels already full. The result is that good service, on the way, during their stay and on the return trip is impossible, because we try to do a big month's business in ten days.

If either the Toronto Exhibition or the schools, or both, could be set back to September 15th, it would be worth millions to Canada, and save a lot of hurry and worry the which is what puts us out before our time. Faithfully yours,

Montreal, Oct. 2, 1909. CY. WARMAN.

The Late Brigadier-General Buchan, C.M.G.

GENERAL BUCHAN—"Larry" to half the militiamen in Canada—was one of the most popular soldiers in the Dominion, and there could be no better evidence of this than the general regret at his sudden death and the pomp which attended the funeral ceremonies. Over two thousand soldiers followed his body to the grave through streets lined with respectful citizens. It is estimated that over one hundred thousand people witnessed the funeral parade. In Toronto General Buchan's death caused very general regret, as he was well known and well liked here through his connection years ago with the Queen's Own Rifles.

THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL BUCHAN.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL BUCHAN.

Scene at Christ Church cathedral, Montreal, as the remains of the General were lifted onto the gun-carriage to be taken to Mount Royal Cemetery.

The Charitable Landlord.

Editor Saturday Night:

In your paper of the 9th inst. is a harrowing article on the English poor, and a thoughtful article on that same subject on your Front Page. I see you say, referring to the article, "It is not a pleasant recital, but the tragedies of life are seldom agreeable and gratifying reading. To be told that there are well-nigh one million people in England and Wales who, during the last year, were in receipt of some form of public relief, not to speak of the thousands upon thousands who were aided by private individuals, and who never get into this 'census of despair,' while a handful of lords sit tight on millions of acres of English land, is not likely to be the subject for any great amount of jocular comment."

Doubtless the big land owners do not always aid matters, but may I venture to say—I speak from years of knowledge—that the much abused big land owners in many, many cases spend far more in proportion to their incomes than any other classes, directly or indirectly, trying to help the respectable poor. You in this country have no conception how hard "the bloated aristocracy" of England work among their tenants and laborers, how much money they expend, and how much thought is given to the poor. There are bad landlords as there are bad in every class. Possibly now we suffer for the sins of our forebears, but no one who has not tried knows how hard the English very poor (town or country) are to keep at work. There can be no cure for their poverty save compulsory work with overseers, who would see the men do not drink and make them work.

My father was a philanthropic landlord and gentleman farmer all his middle life, and my mother carried it on after his death. I know the interest of the work and all its drawbacks, the sickening hopelessness of reforming these families. No one can underrate the misery; I only want to make a plea for the oft-time much abused wealthy landlord whose right hand knoweth not what his left hand doeth where acts of kindness are concerned. Believe me, the poor man's worst enemy is himself, and whoever can heal him will deserve a crown of gold.

Already in England labor is not to be had for love or money in the remote country places. I know good hillside farms deserted because the laborer preferred the town and poverty to the country and a cottage with enough to eat and dress on and rear a family. There is no excitement like the cities, and cheap excursions give them a taste for it. I could cite many cases, but fear to weary you. I enclose my card, and remain, yours faithfully, AN ADOPTED CANADIAN.

Asks for Authorities.

The Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—In a letter, dated October 2nd inst., and published in Toronto Saturday Night under the heading "Against Peace Society," signed "A Canadian," there is the statement that in the sixties, Canada was invaded by large forces, raised and armed by the United States, "with whose leaders, it has since been acknowledged by American historians, the then President of the United States was in collusion." As I have not the writer's name and address, I would be very much obliged to you if you would procure for me from him the references to the American histories which he cites as authority for his statement. I should like to verify your correspondent's statement.

Yours truly, N. S. R.

Oct. 9th, 1909.

[NOTE.—Would the author of the letter in question kindly send on his authorities so that I may transmit them to the writer.—THE EDITOR.]

An interesting bridge, said to have been built by Indians, is situated about 200 miles east of Prince Rupert, B.C., near the proposed line of the Grand Trunk Railway. It is built of round poles, fastened together with telegraph wire and wooden pins, the floor being the only part where nails are used to any extent, and no two joints are made alike, but it seems to do the work required of it; that is, as a means for pack trains to cross Bulkley River. Looking at it from a distance, it seems to be nothing but a collection of poles and wire stuck together any way, with no particular reason for its not falling; the floor is very uneven, and the joints of the different members are made by lapping and binding them with wire. But by looking at it closely a person can see that the party who built it had a pretty good idea of engineering, for the bridge is an ingenious combination of cantilever and suspension construction.

You and I and the Other Fellows.

IF you were Bill Mackenzie, friend, and I were big Dan Mann,
We'd run the transportation game upon a different plan.
We wouldn't build on bonuses or bonds well guaranteed;
We'd build to help the country grow, and not because of greed.

The street car boss, Bob Fleming, we would fire quick as skat—
Replace him by a champion of the proletariat.
We wouldn't care for dividends—we'd run the cars to please
The folks that ride upon them, whom we'd neither squeeze nor freeze.

Conductors would be chosen for their Chesterfieldian ways,
Who'd make a street car journey life's most gentle, soothing phase;
Who'd hand (like Cook) a gumdrop to each passenger on sight.
If *we* just had that system—pshaw! we'd simply run it right.

If I were Mister Peary, friend, and you were Doctor Cook,
We wouldn't have the punsters shouting: "Shut up! Get the hook!"
I'd shake your hand and you'd shake mine—the world would cheer us both.
I'd not act like a small-gauged boor—to quarrel we'd be loth.

And then again if we were dukes—landowners over 'ome,
Would *we* make such a deuced row because they'd tax our loam?
Well, rather not! And seems to me whichever way you turn
You see folks doing small, mean things—you'd think they could discern

That men of such position ought to act quite differently.
Why there's your boss and mine could get some points from you and me.
But then they won't; so what's the use of talking any more,
We have no luck, and somehow can't get in on the ground floor.

If we were in positions squarely in the public eye
We'd do the big, square, fine thing—never squeal or steal or lie.
But being only you and me, unknown and out of sight,
There's no use being generous, urbane, and always right.

H. W. J.

As an instance of the abundance of claimants to the Spanish throne, Senor Emilio Castelar once told that at one of the splendid balls which Marshal de MacMahon gave during the exhibition of 1878, Queen Isabella of Bourbon met King Amadeo of Savoy, who had replaced her on the throne of Spain. She invited the monarch to see her in her little palace, near the Arc de Triomphe. Amadeo, flattered at this exhibition of affability, made haste to visit her. On entering the palace, he met the Duc de Montpensier, another claimant to the Spanish crown. Hardly had Amadeo saluted the royal hostess, when she introduced to him her "cousin Don Carlos." The King's astonishment reached a culminating point when an usher, in loud tones, proclaimed the entrance of his excellency, the Marquis de Molins, ambassador of his majesty Alfonso XII., King of Spain. This was too much for the Italian prince, who found himself face to face with so many rivals or their representatives; and, taking his leave, he retired as soon as possible.

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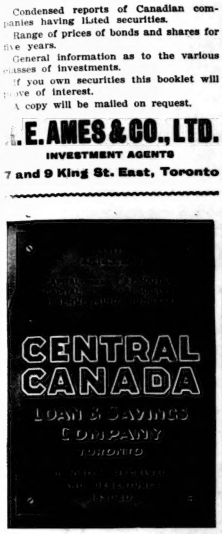

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FINANCIAL

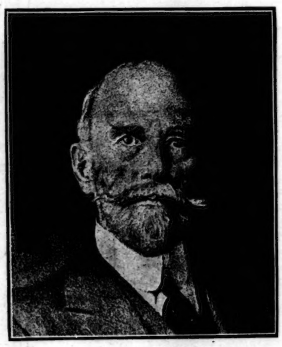
TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, Oct. 14.

WHEN the Dominion Textile Company came into existence a few years ago, as the result of the merging of a number of the cotton companies of Canada, the big concern, of necessity, required the services of the very best cotton-man money could employ. This recalls the interesting fact that the men who organized the merger knew very little about the cotton manufacturing business. C. B. Gordon, it is true, knew the cotton business, so far as buying cotton and making it into white wear and selling the product at a profit was concerned—all of which, it is true, was very advantageous and of no little value to him both at that time and since. But he knew nothing about the manufacturing of cotton cloth from the raw material. As for David Yuile, he knew more about that very brittle substance, glass, than about fabrics, and it is doubtful if any others of the organizers of the big merger were in a much better position. So, as I said, it was necessary for them to have among them at least one first-class authority upon the subject of cotton, a man who could tell them all about it from the time it was being bought at so much per pound till it was being sold at so much per yard, a man who could go into their mills and look at their machinery and tell them what kind of cotton they could make and how much of it, and who would not accept delivery of a complicated agricultural implement under the impression that it was an up-to-date loom. In short, a thorough-going authority on the business. So they went straightway and secured the services of one, A. B. Mole.

⁂

A. B. Mole Arrives.—A. B. Mole was, and presumably is, an American—that is, he came from the United States. This is not intended as an unkind remark, for, after many years of observation and reflection, most of us must have concluded by this time that nationality, like religious persuasion, is an accident of birth for which none are responsible. He came over here from the Land of the Free, in February, 1902, possibly under contract, and so far as I ever heard, no one ever tried to send him back for violating the Alien Labor Law. Hence, we have had the advantage of the citizenship of one who, from all I can make out, has endeared himself to the employes and officials of the Textile Company more than any other man, possibly. Also, Canadians now know more of the cotton business. He first took the place of Mr. C. R. Whitehead, who had just resigned from the position of general manager of the Dominion Cotton Company. Those were dark days for the cotton trade, and no doubt he experienced less fear about meeting his rent after the Yuile-Gordon combination informed him that his company had ceased doing business and that he had been made general manager and director of the new concern.



JAMES R. KEENE.
Mr. Keene as a financier has long been in the public eye. In his early days he was a miner and he afterward became one of the largest stock operators on the continent.

⁂

Mr. Mole's Successor.—Mr. Mole has just recently handed in his resignation to the Textile Company. His health has been poor, and he hopes that a less rigorous climate and less strenuous life will add a considerable percentage to his threescore years. He has joined a New York cotton commission house, the title of which will be Langford & Mole, but he will still be connected with the Textile Company in an advisory capacity, and will continue on the directorate. The Textile Company has brought on Mr. F. G. Daniels, from Quebec, to take his place. Mr. Daniels was superintendent of the Montmorency Mills, and received his training under C. R. Whitehead. His position will, for the time being, at least, be that of manager of mills. He is still quite low in years, being but thirty-five, and if he is a good boy he will probably be made general manager in the course of time. As a matter of fact, one of the features in connection with the Textile concern, and possibly one which has added to its prosperity, is that its officials are all of an age when vigor of action and flexibility of intellect might be expected of them, that is, under the Osler limit.

⁂

Merger Not Too Bad.—Out of a milky-way of water-logged mergers, comes one which really seems to have a license to kindly treatment. No one who aspires to be a great prophet and who has a grasp of the elementary rules of the profession should ever commit himself absolutely, but it really seems to me that a merger is not too bad when the companies of which it is composed have for years past shown earnings which, when combined, are sufficient to pay interest on the bonds of the merger, dividends on its preferred stock, and leave a good balance over for dividends on common. According to the figures given out by Messrs. J. A. Mackay & Co., of this city, such a merger is the Carriage Factories, Limited, the charter of which was recently granted. The securities seem to be put out in a scientific sort of way. The bonds are only to provide working capital and to buy any new plant, etc., needed. The preferred stock is to be issued in payment for the surplus assets of the companies and the common stock is given out for good-will, based on the net profits of the business in the past. One has to consider, yet, whether the valuations will be inflated or the stock issued at too low a figure to the companies entering. As to the former, values are being checked up by the appraisal and audit companies of undoubted reputation, and as to the latter, the companies are exactly in the same position as the underwriters. The companies have been in business for from thirty to fifty years, so that this is no kindergarten business. There are four companies, namely, the Munro & McIntosh, the Tudhope, the Canada Carriage, and the E. N. Heney. Others will be admitted later, allowance being made for this in the capitalization. This consists of $2,000,000, each, preferred and common, 60 per cent. of which is now being issued. The bonds are $1,000,000, and 50 per cent. is now being issued. The bonds are sixes and the preferred is seven per cent., cumulative. Further details are shown in the prospectus.

⁂

Lake of the Woods.—Robert Meighen and his board may have had a lively time during the past year keeping the Lake of the Woods Company out of the hands of those who seemed to want to obtain control, but they have succeeded. Also, they seem to have given very general satisfaction to their ordinary shareholders, at the meeting last week, when $10 per share was declared as a bonus. Mr. Meighen, one year ago, told the shareholders that they needn't look for anything extra on their common stock till the company was in a position to redeem its bond issue—which meant till the surplus equalled one million dollars. There was much wondering, previous to the meeting, whether or not that joyous day had arrived, the movements of the stock a day before the meeting showing that in any case someone wanted it badly. Now the stockholders are satisfied, and it seems to be the opinion that what Robert Meighen doesn't know about running a milling proposition isn't worth knowing. T. C. A.

⁂

TORONTO, Oct. 14.

IN the general stock market in Toronto there have not been wanting evidences of a slackening in investment and speculative interest. But the tendency on the whole is still upward. Perhaps this is due to the circumstance that prices in the main have not been overdone at this centre and those that are in a position to know say that brokers' offices here are in a healthy condition. More and more is the investing element becoming of importance to those who transact business on the Stock Exchange; the speculative element does not occupy the position it did several years ago. Brokers are turning largely for their real support to those who are anxious to put their funds permanently into various securities. This may, of course, be merely an evidence of the growth of the city into a larger view of things But as a matter of fact, although there has been a persistently upward trend for over a year, there has been, at the same time, no boom in stocks such as occurred in 1902-03. Most of the securities listed for any length of time, like Dominion Coal and Dominion Steel, both of which have been active the past week, still hark back to the years mentioned for their highest levels. But no one really wishes to see a return to the situation then presented, when many stocks were far above what was afterwards shown to be their intrinsic value.

⁂

Break in Nip. and La Rose—Quite the most spectacular feature of the past week was the break in the stocks of the Nipissing and La Rose mining companies, when the former in one day declined from $11.95 to $10.90 and the later from $7.40 to $6.50. The recession in La Rose continued still further to $6.11, but after the initial slump Nipissing was not long in regaining its lost advantage. Various reasons have been assigned to account for the pyrotecnics in question. Some were of the opinion that a quarrel had arisen between the faction of the management of the two properties who favored a merger and the faction unalterably opposed to such a course. Others claimed that a brokerage house in New York, heavily interested in La Rose, had a disagreement with another brokerage house in the same city that are behind the Nipissing, because the dividend upon the latter was increased when there was no possibility of an increase in the dividend of the former. The subsequent course of the two stocks would seen to indicate that the technical position of La Rose, which is suspected of being short of ore, is not at all strong and that it has been selling somewhat beyond its absolute worth. Nor is its mining position much stronger, for, if reports from Cobalt are to be relied upon, La Rose must depend, to a large extent, upon the recently acquired Lawson mine for its future.

⁂

C.P.R. Annual.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Pacific Railway company this year was signallized by the announcement of a thirty million dollar issue of new stock at 125. This will be issued to new subscribers in the portion of one share of new to every five presently held. It is said unofficially that there are likely to be five payments, each of $25, and that the initial payment will be scheduled for the latter part of December. Stockholders of record on November 15 will be permitted to subscribe to the new stock. In the past three years the Canadian Pacific has issued $110,000,000 of stock, inclusive of the issue now authorized by the shareholders. All the other issues were made at par, and, although with the reservation calling for Government regulation when the company's earnings reached ten per cent, there didn't appear to be any great cause for criticism, hostile criticism was always forthcoming. In adopting the course it has in this instance the company will no doubt allay a good deal of objection that might otherwise have been urged. Whenever this subject was discussed in the past a great many newspapers were wont to make a very loose use

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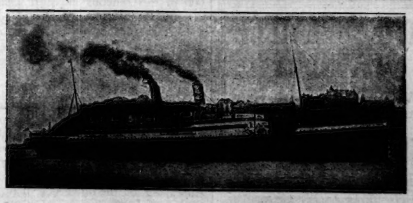

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FIRST DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT.

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By order of the Board,
D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.
Toronto, Ontario, 15th September, 1909.

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of the term "watered stock." That was the phrase often used in describing the action of the C.P.R. directorate in selling its stock for cash at par, whereas, if the term means anything at all it relates to stock issued in return for something worth clearly less than one hundred cents on the dollar.

***

Mr. Ross' Solicitude.

Mr. James Ross appears to have cultivated an extreme, though belated, solicitude for his fellow shareholders in the Dominion Coal company. Mr. Ross has never been widely noted for his philanthropic impulses but he is said, upon pretty good authority, to have refused a cool five million for his holdings in the Coal company unless the small shareholders received, as he would have received, par for their holdings. Montreal is the stamping ground for the Dominion Coal company; Toronto that of the Dominion Steel company. In both centres each has a large and loyal following. So that when Mr. E. B. Wood and Senator Cox start out to bring these two big industrial concerns together once more they have their work cut out for them. The first thing they ran up against, of course, was the predominent influence of James Ross in the counsels of the Coal company. Indeed, nothing can be done toward a merger along the lines proposed unless Mr. Ross, gives his consent. It is not at all likely that that gentleman is hankering to sell out his controlling interest in Coal, though there are many in Toronto who think that he would be well advised in doing so provided his place is to be taken by capable and trustworthy parties. For Mr. Ross, who has now mounted a pedestal of superior virtue, certainly adopted over a period of years, a course inimical to the interests of the smaller shareholders whom he desires to serve. There are not wanting, even now, evidences of obstinacy on the part of the coal king. Having practically refused par for his stock, he has been proffered an arrangement whereby the Steel company will lease the Coal company on a six per cent. basis. There can be little doubt that a combination of forces would be a good thing for both corporations; equally as little doubt that the former alliance should not be disturbed. And viewing the matter casually at the six per cent. proposition now made seems to be fair. In view of the progress made by the Steel company in recent years, it would appear to be quite equal to the eight per cent. basis upon which the previous lease was effected. With the Coal companies' record of low prices for its stock over a term of years, its shareholders should consider themselves lucky in securing a six per cent. guarantee.

***

Bank Rates.

The outstanding feature of the money market the past week was an advance by the Bank of England of its minimum discount rate to three per cent. This was the first change since April 1st, when the rate was reduced to 2½ per cent. after being raised to 3 per cent. on January 1st of this year. The Imperial Bank of Germany followed suit with an increase from 4 to 5 per cent. While an advance in bank rates is quite usual around this season of the year—the present move thus occasioning no alarm—it is declared in banking circles that conservatism in speculation will be imperative if real stringency in money is to be avoided within the next three months. The public appetite for stocks recently, both at home and abroad, has seemingly been insatiable, and the recent action of the Bank of England, which affords a barometer for the rest of the world, is taken as a hint to apply the brakes. Here in Toronto money is slightly tighter but mainly owing to a different reason. Canadian banks at this season of the year always guard their funds with zealous care. Huge sums of money are invariably required to move the crops and until this work has been accomplished no easing in the monitary situation may be expected. Another feature that has largely influenced the trend of the money market is the revival in general trade which has proceeded apace and which is likely to continue, if present indications prove any criterion, for some time to come. The stiffening in money rates has had its usual effect upon the market for bonds in Canada. Banks, Insurance companies and Trust companies alike are able under existing conditions to place their money elsewhere on better terms and they have not delayed in availing themselves of the opportunity. Hence lower prices are constantly being offered for bonds. One city in Western Ontario called for tenders twice. The first offers were refused with contumely. But the second essay was even worse, six hundred dollars less being offered. For a while bonds were abnormally high; prior to that again they were abnormally low. In the opinion of dealers in this city an evening up of prices is now taking place. The manager of one of the largest bond houses in the city said the other day that they were borrowing their money at from 3½ to 4½ per cent. but that the average price for the greater bulk of it would be 4 per cent. A revival in the bond market is confidently expected along about the first of December.

***

Recalls Old Days

An event which recalled the unhappy days of the Rossland boom, when money in this province was poured out like water, was the annual meeting of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting company. This concern was the result of a merging of various properties in British Columbia some four or five years ago, noteable among the component factors being the famous War Eagle mine. The company has had perhaps its most successful season and all that is required is an improvement in the price of metal to enable it to obtain large earnings. The original authorized capital was $5,500,000 and only $144,000 of this remains unissued. The shareholders consequently authorized an extension to $7,500,000. It is not the present purpose of the directors to issue any portion of the extra $2,000,000, but they desire to be in a position to raise additional funds from time to time as occasion may require.

***

The Wheat Situation.

The distinctive feature of the grain situation this fall is found in the exceptionally fine condition of the wheat produced in the Canadian West. This has been of a practically unprecedented character. And that remark applies fortunately to the whole Spring wheat district, embracing, on the other side of the line, the Dakotas and Minnesota. Throughout the entire growing season in the West the weather was little short of phenomenal and that fact doubtless conduced to no large extent in producing the excellent crops that have characterized that region. The percentage of good wheat is so large that there has been practically none inferior to the usual contract variety. Nor have the Western farmers been slow in seizing their advantage. They have been rushing their crops to the market in a manner that the Ontario farmer has entirely neglected. During the month of September—the first of the crop year—over sixteen million bushels of wheat alone passed inspection, an increase of over six million bushels over a year ago. Of oats the inspections were doubled while as regards barley they were a third greater than last year. That the Western farmer practically attained the heaven of all farmers—dollar wheat—is seen from the fact that the value of the wheat inspected in the West during September was considerably over fourteen million dollars for all grades.

***

Crops in Ontario.

Ontario, in contrast with that section of the country lying to the west of the Great Lakes, has not fared so well as usual. The crop outturn has been irregular. In some districts it has been very good; in others it has been quite a failure. But no one would have learned so much of the crop report issued recently by the Ontario Government. That report was a comparatively bullish document. There are a great many of the farmers and grain dealers, however, who are disposed to call in question the accuracy of the statistics presented by the Government. They claim that the sources of information from which the authorities made deductions were not sufficiently reliable, and that there is not any thing like the quantity of grain in Ontario that was estimated. A large proportion of the farmers, it is said, fail to fill out the blanks that are forwarded to them by the Government, and, as a result, not a few of those that are incompetent give the information upon which the ultimate estimate is based. Jim Patton, of Chicago, took the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington to task last fall on just this very score. He claimed that the Government's estimate was wrong and that he had better information because he had sent his own experts over the country to make the necessary calculations. Down in the Board of Trade in this city there is a consensus of opinion to the effect that the Ontario Government would do well to follow some such course in order to arrive at a correct estimate of the various yields.

The Late Harry Wyatt.

Harry Wyatt, who died the other day, I knew, but it was long ago—how long ago you will please not inquire. I did not know him intimately, but just in that sort of a way that a young man in his teens, or thereabouts, might know a man not quite so young who had graduated from his desk apprenticeship, and could stroll out at four o'clock in the afternoon and look prosperous. He was then, or afterwards became, an officer in that greatest of all regiments, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

We greatly admired Wyatt, not because we knew him very well, but because he was athletic and handsome. He was deep-chested, had a splendid pair of shoulders, and stood only an inch or so short of six feet. Perhaps we envied him more for his black moustache, however, than for his physical attributes, moustaches being a military distinction only dreamt of, as yet, by us. Wyatt, if I remember rightly, at that time belonged to a crack four-oared crew, and could box with force and fluency. Altogether, he was a figure of no small importance to the privates of my day, more because he wore a sword than because he was an officer, and more because he was athletic and fine looking than because he wore a sword.

But, I remember Wyatt most as he stood in the doorway of the cabin of one of those steamers which used to ply between Toronto and Niagara. I never like to think of those steamers—there were always so many sick people on board. I think it was partly because of these sick people that Wyatt came to be standing in the door. The Queen's Own had been over at Niagara, and some civilians had been allowed on board for the return trip. One of these, who belonged to the regiment, and who was in plain clothes, probably feeling unwell, tried to gain entrance to the cabin. Upon being refused, he accused the officers of being engaged in the pastime of gambling. This pastime, as all know, is one of the rights of men of the sword, as well as of other men. Wyatt, however, being desirous of maintaining the reputation of the mess, came out of the cabin and informed the trespasser that if he were not in uniform he would make him retract. The trespasser invited him to make the attempt. Wyatt, in an injudicious moment, recalled some of the past history of his opponent, in a voice which was quite audible to us all. The result was, that during the next few days he became several hundred dollars poorer and his opponent a similar amount richer, minus the customary rake-off to the lawyers who arranged the matter of court.

Although the incident caused considerable talk in military circles at the time, it was not of much importance. Yet there was something in Wyatt's attitude as he stood in the door with his hand on the knob which fastened itself upon the memory and always after associated itself with the mention of his name.

A clarionet player once lived on the street near where Wyatt lived and I lived, and the somewhat unmelodious tones of his instrument would wail out on the night air and grieve us not a little. Wyatt never struck me as of a very violent disposition, but he used to sometimes confide to me that there would be more work for the doctor if he could only get into the musician's room during the periods of that individual's rhapsodies. Q.O.R.

Harold Begbie, writing in The London Daily Chronicle, has these remarks to make on the relative respect shown to wealth and genius: "The nation would read with amazement that the King had gone to spend the end of a week with Thomas Hardy or with Oliver Lodge, but without amazement it reads of kingly visits to the Sassoons or the Wilsons. For Wealth the whole nation has infinitely greater respect than for intellect or genius. The people most free from snobbishness see nothing in Royalty's friendship for the rich; they would share the astonishment of the worst tuft-hunter if Royalty manifested delight and pleasure in the society of the humble scholar. What a false estimate of life! To state it is to make one ashamed of human reason and human character. And yet it is a general truth. For the vast majority of men and women, the good, the virtuous, the religious, as well as for the mere vulgar and philistine, wealth shines with a glory greater far than talent or genius. Who disputes it? Who realizes its significance? It is the corruption of our politics and our religion."

"Is there anything comparable to the bewitchment of an English countryside, when once the sun is really shining?" writes Canon Scott Holland in The Commonwealth. "And the splendor of the flowers in every cottage garden: and the rollicking abundance of the ramblers that flung themselves about in tumbling festoons: and the magic of the lawns: and the grey churches loved in our dreams, all there, nestling under the elms, just as we should have prayed for them to look: and the ruddy comfort and square faces of Georgian houses, dozing over flowery borders, as if they were lapped over with contentment and ease. Was there ever such a country, this side of Paradise?"

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New York, October 12, 1909.

THREE features of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, the battleships, the military and naval parade, and the Art loan exhibit, measured up to the dignity of the historic occasion. The rest can be conveniently dismissed as tawdry, inconsequent, or just plain fake. The imposing contribution of warships made failure impossible, while the stage setting provided by the Hudson River could not be improved upon anywhere. And a night spectacle of more surpassing beauty than the illumination of this long line of battleships, bombarded with fireworks from both sides of the river, could hardly be imagined.

Among the ships assembled, the Inflexible was easily the centre of interest. France and Italy both made an excellent showing with their grim little monsters, but Germany, with possibly a very lively appreciation of British nerves, sent only very second-rate representatives of her fleet. The international parade of 25,000 soldiers and sailors proved another interesting and imposing spectacle.

The very fine loan exhibition we shall have to leave for another time.

Graft on a large scale unfortunately followed in the wake of these elaborate festivities. The most flagrant example was the erection of grand stands by permit all along the line, practically forcing the public to buy seats at speculators' prices. Perhaps these unexpected inroads on the purse explain the disappointing returns from the shopping district.

* * *

THE ugly sequel to the political plot that had for its object the downfall of Gen. Bingham, has been revealed in the nomination of Judge Gaynor for Mayor by the Tammany organization, just as the ex-police commissioner with rare political foresight foretold. At least that is one view to take, and the cumulative evidence in its favor is strong. The other view, and the one that Tammany for obvious reasons encourages, is that the Judge developed such strength as to practically force his nomination on them, against their personal preferences. The situation is therefore perfect. Tammany "regulars," with a respect for organization that cannot be matched in the whole world of party subserviency, will faithfully swallow individual preferences and vote the ticket to a man. On the other hand, Tammany's foes among Gaynor's following will vote their candidate on the ground that he is opposed to Tammany and all his works.

Politically, Gaynor is closer to the Hearst party—or what was the Hearst party—than any other. Bryan recognized his popular strength and wanted him for a running mate in his last campaign. His religious apostasy, however, defeated that plan out of hand. He has been a spectacular champion of "peoples' rights" and "personal liberty," and has not scrupled, as his five-cent fare decision proved, to use the bench to strengthen his popular hold. It was as champion of the people against "police oppression," you will recall, that he first appeared on the horizon as a mayoralty candidate in this campaign. Bingham he characterized as "possessed of the most dangerous and destructive delusions that officials can entertain in a free government, namely, that he is under no legal restraint whatever, but may do as he wills, instead of only what the law permits, and that only in the manner it proscribes." His attitude since that time has not been calculated to strengthen belief in his disinterestedness.

* * *

IT remained for Jerome, however, to openly impugn Gaynor's motives and incidentally deliver the first broadside into the Tammany camp. "A man aptly described as a combination of a demagogue and a fanatic; that most abhorrent product, a political judge, a judge whose so-called 'personal liberty' decisions have consisted in orders restraining the law-enforcing powers from pursuing law-breakers, and has served as a protection for them," is a sample of Jerome's arraignment. "A political charlatan," he calls him later, "shown in the past to be totally destitute of political courage and whose erratic ability is tinged with a morbidness which is almost akin to mental unsoundness."

Meanwhile this vigorous and uncompromising foe of Tammany is left to fight for re-election alone. The Fusionists have not endorsed his candidature—a tactical error that may prove their undoing—and a Tammany endorsement was always out of the question, except for prudential reasons. A three-cornered contest for the District Attorneyship is therefore inevitable, with every prospect of Jerome becoming the chief figure in the entire campaign. The force of his personality is undeniable.

* * *

THE Fusion programme was characterized by inaction to the last. When it was apparent that a mayoralty candidate could not be agreed upon, the Republicans took the initiative and nominated Mr. Otto T. Bannard. This nomination the Fusionists have since very wisely endorsed. The Republicans in turn have endorsed the Fusion candidates for controller and president of the Board of Aldermen, and the remainder of the ticket promises to be evenly divided between the two parties.

Of the nomination of Bannard, The Times, normally Democratic, observes that "Not once in a generation does any party or union of parties, offer to its suffrages a candidate who more completely fills and meets its needs and its desert than Mr. Otto T. Bannard. . . . A mayoralty nomination of this high quality is indeed so unusual in New York as to invite and justify superlative praise. If it is not an ideal nomination, we should like to know the reason why." From the lines already drawn the campaign promises to be a sober, earnest fight for a business-like administration of the city's enormous expenditures. The budget for the coming year is $185,000,000, a fact in itself that calls for some concern. Tammany and Gaynor will be a hard combination to beat, but it is just possible that the business interests will be sufficiently aroused to do the apparently impossible. They did it in the last Presidential campaign, and Mr. Bannard and his ticket start with the entire confidence of the business community.

* * *

RECENT events would seem to confirm the view taken here, at the time, that the edict forbidding teachers and practitioners from having offices or rooms in Christian Science churches was an attempt to discipline Mrs. Stetson, leader of the First Church of Christ Scientist in this city. Her license to teach has just been revoked by the Mother Church, and the New York press representative of the cult in explanation says: "It became apparent that gentle admonitions and suggestions and even the by-laws did not have the effect of bringing her to a realization of the fact that she was not following the true teachings of Christian Science. She was especially admonished before this investigation." With equal naivette the same informant explains that "the action of the Boston authorities in no way grew out of fear that Mrs. Stetson was getting too big and powerful in the church here in New York."

The charges on which Mrs. Stetson is deposed, are that "she teaches that the only legitimate Christian Science Church is her own; that she endeavors to exercise a control over her students which tends to hinder their moral and spiritual growth; that Mrs. Stetson endeavors to obtrude herself upon the attention of her students in such a manner as to turn their attention away from Divine principle; that she attempts to control and to injure by mental means; that she has so strayed from the right way as not to be fit for the work of a teacher of Christian Science." It is also provided that she may be restored to the position she has lost in three years provided she shows a "uniform maintenance of a consistent and consecrated Christian Scientist." This action came as a distinct surprise to her followers, and her attitude will be watched with interest.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Della M. Gilbert's effort to found an opposition church have been postponed. The Hudson-Fulton festivities, she declares, monopolized attention to the exclusion of divine thought.

Truly, the sky is darkening over these latest apostles of sweetness and light.

* * *

IN the theatrical world, which has also suffered by counter attractions, two important events have been recorded. Mr. Drew in "Inconsistent George" has scored a splendid success, and Miss Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," has struck the first real chord of dramatic emotion this season. Her artistic success has been conceded on all sides, and at this moment all signs point to a popular success also.

This week our dramatic entertainment is to be further enriched by that noblest of all English actors, Mr. Forbes-Robertson. The vehicle of his present appearance is Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which is said to bear a strong family likeness to Mr. Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." Of that, however, I shall be able to write more definitely when I have seen it.

Other announcements of more than passing interest are the opening of "On the Eve," a play of modern Russian life adapted from the German by Martha Morton, in which Miss Hedwig Reicher, a young German actress of considerable talent and great beauty, will make her English debut; "The Master Key," a new play by Cosmo Hamilton; and "A Citizen's Home," by a new writer, Mr. H. H. Boyd.

* * *

TWO important changes have suddenly entered into the political situation. District Attorney Jerome has retired and Hearst has agreed to enter the Mayoralty contest in an effort to divide the vote of the Independent Democracy with Gaynor and secure the defeat of the Tammany ticket. Hearst will head the same ticket as Bannard, the Republican-Fusion candidate, thereby throwing the weight of his influence into the Fusion scales. The situation is unique in New York politics, and it will be interesting to note the effect of this move on Tammany's effrontery.

J.E.W.

Wisdom of a Woman.

Mrs. Charles (Hilda) Sampson, of Chicago, formerly of Toronto, from whose forthcoming book of epigrams we quote below. Mrs. Sampson's first literary ventures appeared in Saturday Night.

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Afternoon tea. Mrs. Grundy's device for the propagation of scandal.

It is astonishing how slightly civilization has modified man's primitive propensity to eat his captive.

How much more appreciative they would be, if they were only wives for a while.

The fool's only teacher arrives too late. Her name is consequences.

A great many art treasures are being dug up at Ostia, the seaport of ancient Rome. There are some who even go so far as to say that it may rival Pompeii in the beauty of the objects which are yet to be discovered.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Augustine Adams, second daughter of Mr. Oliver Adams, 51 Glen road, and Mr. Douglas Laird, son of Mr. Alexander Laird, Cluny ave., was privately celebrated on Saturday, the ceremony being followed by a reception at four o'clock at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Adams received at the entrance to the drawing room, the hostess beautifully gowned in rose satin with some fine lace and jewels, and the guests after receiving a hearty greeting, crossed the room to where the lovely girlish bride and her husband stood embowered in bridal decorations of white blooms and garlands of green. The wedding dress was of soft white satin with elaborate embroideries *appliques*. The bride, whose dainty features and rich brunette tint have been much admired in the few seasons since her debut, looked a perfect picture, the lace veil, of great beauty and old association was arranged so that its heavy mitred border rested like a frame about the dusky hair and piquant face of the bride, and the fragrant bouquet of valley lillies fell in a shower over her arm. As the company pressed in to greet her with good wishes, and receive a hand clasp from her stalwart young husband, many compliments were whispered, which had an extra sincere ring. The dejeuner was served in two large rooms opposite the reception room, and the splendid presents were arranged in another large apartment upstairs, some of them causing a sigh of envy from brides who were wedded when wedding gifts had not developed into the magnificence of the present age. Cabinets of silver and every fancy in china, glass, art concerts, and one little gift, the only one bearing a card, and which had caused much hilarity when finally unearthed from an immense box and packings, was the occasion of much speculation among the amused guests. When the bride's health was proposed, the enthusiasm of the reception of the toast must have been gratifying to her. The guests included a great many young people and the reception had not a dull moment. People were coming and going continuously, some scurrying out to the Hunt Club for the finish of the gymkhana, and some coming late who had seen its beginning, a number of young folks slipping regretfully away before the bonnie bride left to put in an appearance at one or the other of the tempting teas going on near at hand, all of which kept the crowd from becoming too great. After cutting the cake, the bride changed her bridal fineries for a natty grey travelling dress and blue velvet turban and Mr. and Mrs. Laird left for their honeymoon in the States. They will reside in Winnipeg where Mr. Laird has been for some time. A number of out of town friends were admired guests at the reception, and Miss Adams and Miss Helen Adams were charming assistant hostesses, the latter looking extremely pretty in her bridesmaid gown of gold tinted satin and large brown hat with shaded plumes.

The Baroness de Forest, only sister of Lord Gerard and wife of Baron de Forest. The baron and baroness are great personal friends of the King, whom they often entertain at Spencer House, their lovely residence in St. James' Place.

A greater contrast than Schumann Heink and Fritzi Scheff could not well be imagined, and the piquancy of great variety was accorded to Toronto patrons of concert and opera in their close proximity during the last ten days. Each in her way is perfection, and a recognition of that fact has been accorded both, which is conclusive.

The marriage of Mr. George R. Sweeney and Miss Bessie Keefer, of Ottawa, will take place next month, November 20 being the date arranged for the happy event.

The wedding of Miss Madeline Isabel Denison, daughter of Mr. R. Evelyn Denison, of Grimsby, and Mr. Wallace G. Cuckfield, of Sussex, England, will take place on October 26, in St. Andrew's church, Grimsby.

Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, of Yeadon Hall, have returned from England.

Miss Rowand is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Alexander, of Meadowbank, Rosedale.

A tea at Durness, Mr. H. Collingwood McLeod's handsome home in Rosedale, in which Miss Campbell Noble was guest of honor, assembled a great number of young folk of both sexes for an afternoon of much enjoyment last Saturday. The hostess and the guest of honor received together, and the Misses McLeod and the master of the house looked after the guests. The teatable was centred with a bowl of 'mums, in bronze and yellow tints, and mums and roses decorated the drawing-rooms. In the tea-room, Miss Olive Matthews, Miss McMurrich and Miss Hart presided, and found that owing to the fine turnout of the young men invited, their labors were light.

Mrs. Charlie Lee is up from Uxbridge on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Playfair, of Isabella street, for two weeks.

Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams are to pay a visit to Toronto next week, and will be the guests of His Honor and Mrs. Gibson at Government House.

The Autumn Tea which yearly gathers the female element of Varsity together for a function at which man would be sadly *de trop*, took place on Saturday, that charming end to a week of perfect weather. The big hall in the beautiful old building was simply jammed with tiny tables, set with light refreshments *a quartre*, and centred with brilliant geraniums or graceful salvias in a strong note of autumn coloring. Miss Hamilton and Miss Lawlor received in the east hall, and after the hundreds of guests had found their seats about the tables, speeches and toasts alternated through the programme. Miss Chapman and Miss Knox played violin and piano solos, and everything was lovely. Mrs. Needler, wife of one of the Varsity professors, spoke in a quiet and earnest way of the desire she and the other ladies felt to be of use to the students whenever appealed to. Mrs. Babier, Miss Salter, and several of the ladies were present. Miss Gertrude Lawlor was toast mistress, and lemonade was the beverage.

Mr. and Mrs. Eby are at 35 Cluny avenue since their return from the Island.

Mrs. H. B. Anderson had a large birthday tea last Saturday at her new home, 184 Bloor street east, when Dr. Anderson gallantly assisted her to receive the guests. The mild and balmy weather enabled the function to take on a semi-out-door character, and the pretty grounds which overlook Rosedale ravine were much appreciated. Mrs. Anderson will receive next Monday afternoon.

Prize day at Upper Canada College was chill and blustery, but the usual huge crowd of folk interested in the college and the students assembled in the prayer hall to witness the bestowal of very handsome books and medals on the successful young fellows, who are a fine looking lot of chaps. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor made a speech, and presented the Governor-General's prize. The Premier also presented prizes and talked to the boys. Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn presented one of the prizes, and looks hearty and sunburned after months in Muskoka, from which place he returned a few days since. After the presentations and the unveiling of Mr. Wyly Greer's fine picture of Mr. Wedd, presented by Mr. Ross Robertson, the invited guests repaired to the Principal's quarters, where Mr. and Mrs. Auden received and where tea was served from a charmingly decorated table in the dining room. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark (the latter having been good enough to present a prize and having received a sheaf of white 'mums, sashed with white ribbons), Bishop and Mrs. Reeve, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mrs. and Miss Flora Macdonald, Colonel G. T. Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott Brown, Dr. Ryerson, Mrs. Grasett, Miss Grasett, Mrs. Cross, Dr. and Miss McMurchy, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mrs. Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alley, Mrs. Maram, Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Dean and Mrs. Duckworth, Mrs. Spragge, Provost Macklem, were a very few of the hundreds present.

An informal dance was given by Mrs. Oliver Adams on Saturday evening to a number of young people for the visiting friends of the bride of the afternoon, Miss Cameron, Miss Adoue and Miss Emery.

The afternoon of the day settled for the departure of the party of ladies who have gone to the coast on matters concerning the establishment of Chapters of the I.O.D.E., Mrs. Gibson received the ladies and some other friends at Government House, and His Honor addressed them on the importance of their undertaking. Afterwards tea was served, Miss Gibson presiding at the tea-table, and her sister, Miss Meta, her cousin, Miss Malloch of Hamilton, and Captain Douglas Young, waited on the guests. It was quite an informal affair, merely a "bon voyage" to the party, who left by private car in the evening. Those at the tea included Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Tom Clark, Mrs. James George, and some others. The ladies who have gone West are Mrs. Bruce, the Misses Merritt, Mrs. Langstaff of New York, Miss Isabel Jackson, Miss Joan Arnold, Mrs. Hamilton Burns, and they hope to return safe and sound to Toronto on November 11. Mrs. Langstaff has been the guest of Mrs. Denison at Rusholme.

Several brides have been receiving this week. Mrs. Edmund Walker received at Mrs. Byron Walker's home, 99 St. George street, on Tuesday; Mrs. Charles Lowndes received on the same day at her apartment in the St. George; Mrs. Crawford Brown received at Llawhaden on Thursday and yesterday; Mrs. H. H. Mason received on the same afternoon at her apartment in "Glenview," Glen road, and Mrs. W. F. Sparling received on Thursday at 132 Glen road.

The wonderful treat which was afforded to lovers of art in Massey Hall on Tuesday drew a magnificent audience, whose salvos of applause gave the best proof of their appreciation of the dancing of Isadora Duncan and the playing of the Damrosch Orchestra. It was a revelation which will be counted among the great joys of those whose minds are free from the grosser taint. Anything more delightful and exquisite has never come my way before.

The marriage of Miss Lillie M. Ellis and Dr. W. Tassie Wilson was (owing to the indisposition of the bride) very quietly solemnized at 198 Cottingham street on Thursday evening at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Machell had some thirty debutantes at her house on Tuesday to talk over arrangements for the special dance in their honor at the charity ball on November 4 in the Prince George.

The Correct Thing In Fur Garments..

As far as Paris is concerned, you are practically buying there when you purchase in our store. We have the advantage of Paris, however, in that we sell you the same Furs at the "native price," and throw in the Paris styles. All our costumes are made from advance Parisian models.

Is there any particular Fur to which you have taken a fancy? You'll find it in our show-rooms: Alaska Seal, Persian Lamb, Labrador Mink, Sable of any description, Chinchilla, Ermine or any other wearable fur.

There is not much use in our printing even a small price-list. The best thing we can print is this statement: Quality Furs at prices to fit every pocket-book. Call and look over the stock.

Remember, we make every garment on the premises. Our cutters are the best we can secure, and every Garment undergoes a careful examination before leaving the premises.

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are the originators and gave the name to the EMPIRE SHOWER and any others are imitations. We are also designers of the Marie Antoinette or "Old Fashioned" Bouquet Shower. Our bouquets are the envy of other Brides less fortunate. Flowers shipped anywhere in Canada and safe arrival guaranteed. Night and Sunday phone, Parkdale 792.

OCTOBER'S WILES

October's sun is harder on delicate complexions than is midsummer's.

October's penetrating winds are dust and microbe laden.

Women who covet beautiful complexions guard against the ill effects of sun and wind by using Campana's Italian Balm.

It beautifies the complex and is antiseptic and soothing.

For twenty-seven years it has proved its merits.

25c. a bottle at all druggists, or direct from the sole agent.

E. G. WEST & COMPANY - - 176 King St. East, Toronto

THE promised collection of short stories by Rudyard Kipling has at been published by the Macmillan ompany of Canada, the volume be- g entitled "Actions and Reactions." he first of the tales, "An Habita- on Enforced," is in Kipling's most ffective vein. It is a piece of traightforward, masterful narrative, s suggestiveness being delicate but rect. A rich young American works too hard, suffers a nervous ollapse, and is ordered by his physi- ian to go abroad and rest. He and his wife presently find themselves in ngland. They go to board for a while at the home of a tenant farm- er, whose land is part of a practical- ly forsaken estate. The family at the manor house has died out, and the house itself is falling into ruin. The visitors have no idea of making more than a brief stay in the neighbor- hood, but gradually the place and the life take possession of them. They buy the estate, just to play with, the husband still thinks; they find—and so does the whole countryside—that the young wife's family once lived in the big house; a son and heir appears on the scene; and the grip of the quiet, gentle life becomes strong- er and stronger until one comes to the closing incident, which is signifi- cant of the sequel. The new master of the estate orders a tenant to trim some sticks of larch to repair a bridge. The tenant is slow, but pres- ently turns up with oak timbers care- fully prepared.

"I've nothin' to say against larch," says the tenant, "if you want to make a temp'ry job of it; but by the time the young master's married it'll have to be all done again."

And the new master replies: "I've been realizing that for some time. Make it oak then; we can't get out of it."

This beautiful postlude gives the essence of the story:

THE RECALL.

I am the land of their fathers,
In me the virtue stays;
I will bring back my children
After certain days.

Under their feet in the grasses
My clinging magic runs.
They shall return as strangers,
They shall remain as sons.

Over their heads in the branches
Of their new-bought ancient trees,
I weave an incantation,
And draw them to my knees.

Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of rain in the night,
The hours, the days and the seasons,
Order their souls aright;

Till I make plain the meaning
Of all my thousand years—
Till I fill their hearts with knowledge,
While I fill their eyes with tears.

The only fault that one can find with the story is that things do not happen this way. But it is delightful just the same—very, very delightful.

Following "An Habitation Enforced" comes a good dog story, but after that the reader is plunged into aeronautics and symbolism and fussiness. Some of the stories have been published in an American magazine. The book will prove a valuable possession, if only for the sake of the first story.

* * *

"Northern Lights" is the title of a volume of short stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, issued in Canada this week by the Copp, Clark Co., publishers, Toronto. The stories are seventeen in number and they all aim to deal with life in the Canadian North-west, some of them being reminiscent of the earliest pioneer days, while others concern the Mounted Police and the settlers of a later and more civilized period. The tales have the peculiar qualities of flatness and unreality which characterize all the work of this distinguished ex-countryman of ours. Not one of them has in it a life-like character; not one story, nor any passage or sentence or phrase in the book gives off a flash of genius, or strikes with any masterful touch upon a single string of the harp of life. Most of the stories are mere incidents, but some of them are real stories, which if strongly told would have been much superior to the average magazine tale. Unfortunately they have been told only in a stolid, commonplace way. R. W. Service could tell some of these stories in verse and make real Northern Lights of them. . . . But why should one go on in this strain—to be put down as a vulgar "knocker" by the thousands of people who always buy Sir Gilbert's books and think them just lovely? To their way of thinking all that it is necessary for a book reviewer to do when such an event occurs is simply to announce that a new book by Sir Gilbert Parker, Member of the British Parliament and friend of kings, has been published. Possibly it might be of interest to add that the volume under consideration is dedicated to "Ishbel, Countess of Aberdeen, a true friend of the Great Dominion."

* * *

The Huron Institute, with headquarters at Collingwood, Ont., has published volume 1 of its "Papers and Records," bearing on the history, geology and mineralogy of Simcoe county, Miss Frances A. Redmond and Mr. David Williams being the editors. Simcoe was the homeland of the bulk of the Huron Indians. Champlain, it will be remembered, visited this nation on his famous journey to the Georgian Bay in 1615, while in search of a waterway to he knew not where—China or Utopia. In the neighborhood of the present flourishing lake-port town, Collingwood, dwelt the Petuns or Tobacco Indians, a branch of the Huron nation. And until about twenty years ago Indian bones and relics were plentiful all through that region. Farmers turned up arrowheads and skulls with their plows, and children in their play unearthed similar trophies. But such things are found but rarely now, and certain citizens of Collingwood, a few years ago, thought it well to make a move towards preserving relics and records of the aborigines of the district, and also the records of the hardy pioneers who followed them. The Huron Institute was formed and a museum established, and considerable work has been done in the way of research and exploration. The "Papers and Records" of the society ought then to be not only of local interest but of general interest as well. In this country we have paid too little attention to the pleasant and valuable work of collecting and preserving early local records which are needed to supplement and lend color to formal and rather loosely outlined general histories.

HAL.

HUNTING FOR BIG GAME.

The Highlands of Ontario is an ideal spot for the sportsman during the open hunting season for big game. In the Temagami region moose are plentiful and may be killed during the period from October 16 to November 15. This territory is a forest preserve of vast expanse, and in addition to being the hunter's paradise, its waters abound with game fish of many species. The home of the red deer is located somewhat to the south of Temagami, particularly in the districts known as "Muskoka Lakes," "Lake of Bays," "Magnetawan River," "Lake Nipissing," and "Kawartha Lakes" territory.

Write to J. D. McDonald, D.P.A., Toronto, or call at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets, for a copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System which fully describes the hunting territories reached by this line, giving game laws, maps, and all information.

Society at the Capital

WITHIN the walls of stately Christ Church Cathedral, the church in which her forefathers worshipped for many years, Miss Catherine Louise, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, was wedded on Wednesday afternoon to Mr. Edwin Brough Forse, of Niagara Falls, Ont., son of Mr. Edwin Forse, C.E., of Toronto. The event was a very brilliant and fashionable one, and was attended by a large number of Ottawa's youth and beauty, all attired in the very newest and up-to-date costumes. A lovelier wedding-day could not possibly have been desired, and the sun has seldom shone on a more beautiful bride. Rev. Canon Kittson officiated. Half-past two o'clock found the groom and best man, Mr. Louis White, at the chancel, awaiting the arrival of the bride who came in with her father and looked "a perfect dream" in her lovely wedding gown of soft clinging ivory satin, made in the present fashionable panel effect. Costly old rose pointe lace, a family heirloom, was arranged as an overdress and berthe, being finished off on the back of the skirt with two large rosettes of satin. The yoke and sleeves were of chiffon, the former outlined with crystal bugles and embroidered with pearls. The filmy veil was arranged off the face and a coronet of orange blossoms, worn some years ago by the bride's mother on a similar occasion, looked particularly well on the dark tresses of the bride, who is one of Ottawa's very prettiest girls. The maid of honor was Miss Gladys Moore, the youngest sister of the bride, and the bridesmaids were Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Edith Fielding and Miss Claudia Bate, whose gowns were made alike of crepe de chine, and in color formed a rainbow effect, being pale blue, primrose, pink and mauve, respectively. Their large black picture hats were faced with shades to match their gowns, and on the left side was arranged a large rose of gold. They carried large baskets of pale yellow roses with flowing streamers to match each gown. They also wore the groom's gifts, fine gold necklets with jewelled pendants. The church had been most artistically and generously decorated by the young friends of the bride with asters and ferns, and groups of palms banked around the chancel, afforded a complete and effective background for the pretty picture formed by the bridal party.

The service was entirely choral, and during the signing of the register in the vestry, Miss Lily Gibbs (Mlle. Marie Ricardi), who is a cousin of the bride, sang most beautifully "The Myrtle Wreath" and "The Awakening." The ushers, who had an arduous task in escorting the many guests to their seats, were Mr. Fred White, Mr. Ainslie, Greene, Mr. Ivan McSloy, of St. Catharines, and Mr. Arthur Moore, and to them the bride presented gold and pearl necktie pins, while the best man received as a keepsake a pair of gold cuff-links. The guests after the ceremony adjourned to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, uncle and aunt of the bride, in MacLaren street, where a dainty dejeuner was served, and hosts of good wishes were showered on bride and groom, the only note of regret intermingled being that the wedding necessitates the removal of one of their brightest and life-long companions from the midst of Ottawa's younger members of the social world. Mr. and Mrs. Forse left on the afternoon train for a honeymoon trip to Quebec and other Eastern points, and they will later go to Niagara Falls where a pretty home awaits their coming. The bride travelled in an exceedingly smart and most becoming costume of amethyst chiffon broadcloth, the coat of which was handsomely braided. A large beaver hat of the same color was trimmed with upright wings and various shades of amethyst satin. Among the many lovely gifts received by the fortunate bride was a rich set of furs and a complete toilet service of silver from the groom; a magnificent chest of silver from Mr. and Mrs. James McSloy and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McSloy, of St. Catharines; the entire furnishings of their new home from the bride's parents, and Miss Brough, aunt of the groom, presented a purse of gold to the lucky young pair.

Miss Norah Lewis, the bride-elect of next Wednesday, has been a much entertained young lady during the past week.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Oct. 12, 1909.

Visitor—Can you read the past? Fortune Teller—Certainly; that's my business. Visitor—Then I wish you'd tell me what it was my wife told me to get for her.—Boston Globe.

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Each of these makes are the best in their respective lines and we are prepared to stand behind them. Our experts will demonstrate to you on our floors the advantages, and give advice regarding cooking and heating arrangements. Come and ask us.

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This Busy Peninsular

is the greatest value at $25 of any Stove offered in Toronto.

This plain design is easily kept polished; and parts are fully nickeled. No. 8 size with 6 holes, duplex grate, 18 inch oven, high shelf and can be fitted for water front.

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deserves more thought than any other part of your winter clothing.

It has to do with your health and your comfort

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Experience and investigation have evolved the best method of preparing wool for the human body.

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JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR for the Winter

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IF distinction of unmistakable degree be a qualification for favor, the Suits of broadcloth now offering here at $27.50 will win their way.

The quality of this broadcloth entitles it to be associated with the style it meets in this completed Suit. The original New York model would sell on Broadway for a good deal more than we ask here on Yonge street!

They are made of soft-finished imported broadcloth; square cut coat, lined with silk serge; new flat collar and pocket flaps; trimmed with satin cord braid. Skirt is flare gore, trimmed to match coat; purple, brown, navy, taupe and black.

$27.50

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1. *Shrimp Pink.*
2. *Coral Pink.*
3. *Baby Blue.*
4. *Pale Amethyst.*

IN SILKS we show these four colors in all the fashionable cords, paillettes and moires.

In SATINS we show these four tints in liberties, duchesses, princesses, etc.

In BROADCLOTHS we show these evening colors in suede finish, glove finish, chamois finish, etc.

In SILK AND WOOL fabrics we show them in crepes, satins, glorias, san toys, eoliennes, voiles, cashmeres, henriettas, tussah royals, etc., etc.

You may choose material for a fashionable dress at 50c. a yard. You may discriminate amongst exquisite fabrics at $3.50 a yard.

But our widest selection and our most characteristically Simpson values may best be seen in the enormous choice we have gathered together at $1.00, $1.25 *and* $1.50.

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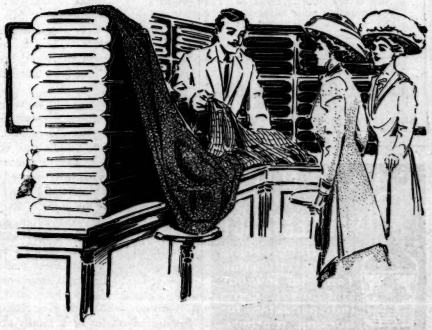

IT is so easy to shop here. We make everything match—silks, velvets, dress goods. For instance, you choose a dress material. You may step right over to the Silk Department and be practically sure of the exact match for the silk lining and the velvet trimming.

"How nice it is to buy a dress here," said a lady only the other day, "you can get everything to match right here in the department."

By the way, we are selling an immense amount of the new broadcloths. We are stronger in broadcloths than ever this year. We are doing particularly well with our $1.25 *broadcloths. They are remarkable. New York stores get* $2.00 *for the same cloth. Custom tailors right here in town charge* $1.75 *to* $2.00. *We don't think you can get quite the same finish and the make as ours anywhere else in town.*

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

A prominent medical writer makes the statement in the current Westminster that if those afflicted with headaches would consult a reliable optician and secure correct glasses, fifty per cent. of the headaches would vanish. The moral is:

Consult the Opticians of the Potter House

Who have a reputation for high-class work—whose diagnosis is always dependable.

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PURE and DELICIOUS. Made in a moment. No waste. No trouble. Of all Grocers.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. CHARLES SAMPSON, of Chicago, returned home on Monday night, after a visit of several weeks to her parents in Rusholme road. Mrs. Sampson, whose first literary essay was submitted to SATURDAY NIGHT about a decade ago, and favorably impressed the editor, "Don," has recently been fortunate in placing some of her later work with Life, The Smart Set, and other American papers. Her epigrams and little observations on life have a quaint humor which is irresistible. Mrs. Sampson's portrait and half a dozen of her *bon-mots* appear elsewhere in these columns. She is a strikingly handsome and very companionable woman, and having earnestly taken up literary work, will doubtless achieve success. As a native of Toronto, and one of SATURDAY NIGHT's many "children," she has our best wishes to that end.

The medical profession has been wined and dined on at least two festive occasions last week. On Wednesday Dr. Bruce entertained twenty of them at his very charming home in Bloor street east. The banquet was excellent and the floral decorations beautiful. On Friday evening Dr. S. Johnston, Carlton street, gave a large dinner of about forty covers at the Albany Club, where his guests had the jolliest of reunions.

The wedding ceremony of Miss Alice Baines and Mr. F. C. Clarkson was celebrated in St. George's church on Thursday of last week, Rev. Canon Cayley officiating, assisted by the Provost of Trinity College. The church was lighted and decorated with autumn flowers and garlands of green, the chancel in white, and bouquets of white dahlias marking the guests' pews, with large cordons of white suspended. Mr. Phillips played the bridal music, and the choir sang the responses. The nave was well filled by the guests, principally relations and connections of the young couple, as it was not a large company, the limits of Mrs. Baines' pretty home in Cottingham street making it impossible to invite her very large circle of friends. The weather was perfect, and summer frocks were the order of the day. Punctually at the hour the bridal party entered the church, the bride being brought in and given away by her uncle, Dr. Allen Baines. Always one of the most attractive girls of her set, Miss Baines was never so pretty as on her wedding day, and murmurs of affectionate admiration followed her up the aisle. Her *robe des noces* was of lustrous white satin, trimmed with point de Flandres and a panel of applied embroidery in front, and her tulle veil finished with narrow rows of filoselle, was admirably becoming, and fell from a wreath of orange blossoms. An Empire cascade bouquet of lily of the valley was carried, and her jewels were pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The maid of honor, Miss Marguerite Baines, next sister of the bride, wore pink satin, the gown was in the new mode with draped overskirt, and the two bridesmaids wore similar gowns, the maid of honor a black plumed beaver hat, and the bridesmaids hats of white beaver with graceful plumes. The latter fair attendants were Miss Helen Clarkson, sister of the groom, and Miss Hazel Covernton, of Montreal, cousin of the bride. Their bouquets were of half-opened roses. Mr. Austin Clarkson, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, Dr. Charles Covernton, Mr. Sanford Smith, and Mr. A. Davidson. During the signing of the register, Mrs. Lambe, of Fallingbrook, sang a very beautiful solo, her fine voice filling the old church. After the ceremony a reception by Mrs. Baines was held in her home, and the guests found their way to a marquee on the lawn, where a *dejeuner* was daintily served, and the bride's health was drunk with cheers and many good wishes. Dr. Allen Baines proposed the toast. The wedding gifts were arranged in the drawing room and in an upstairs room, and were both artistic and valuable, including all the pretty things that the bride's future home in Bedford road will need for its meet embellishment. Mrs. Baines wore a handsome green satin costume touched with black and a black picture hat with gold trimmings. Miss Covernton, who, like Mrs. Baines, is a handsome and dignified daughter of a family noted for good looks, was gowned in a smart costume and large hat with flowers. A few of the guests beside the relatives were Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Suydam and Mr. Harold Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas, Miss Perry, Mrs. Reginald Pellatt, Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, Mrs. Sanford Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Lambe of Fallingbrook, Mrs. and Miss Henderson, Miss Beverley Lambe, Mrs. and Miss Reid of Melbourne, and several other connections and old friends of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson left about five o'clock for their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a brown suit and hat *en suite*, carefully covered with some shield against the confetti showered upon her, in the shape of the friendly motor veil. They left by the evening train and have been enjoying an after-glow of summer at Atlantic City, where the heat was like June.

THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

The premier duchess of Scotland, will probably be in residence at Hamilton Palace, her beautiful home in the north of Scotland.

Miss Covernton went to Preston on Thursday for a short stay to take the baths. She is at Hotel Kress.

Miss Adele Boulton left recently with her father, Mr. Melfort Boulton, for New York, where she will take up her course of hospital nursing, which was interrupted by her serious illness last season. Mr. Boulton has returned to town.

Miss Florence ("Elf") Bowes, 112 Bedford road, is coming out this season. Miss Dorothy Massey, of Rosedale, will also make her debut this month. I hear that Miss Cromarty is a debutante. Mr. and Mrs. Cromarty took the Johnstone residence in Spadina road some months ago. Miss Clara Flavelle is also a debutante.

Many pleasant entertainments among the young set are on this week for the October brides. On October 20, Miss Aileen Robertson will have a house dance at Iver Holme for Miss Amie Sinclair, one of the most popular brides-elect of the month, who is going away from Toronto to reside in Halifax after her marriage.

Miss Helen Matthews has also returned to New York to continue her studies in hospital work.

Madame Schumann-Heinck had proof of the possibilities of the motor car last week when being delayed at Pickering by a contretemps on the railway, she was whisked off down the dusty road by motor and landed at Massey Hall with her trunk, just about the time she had been expecting to emerge on the concert platform. It was a quick change and no great amount of prinking to get the splendid songstress out of her dusty travelling garb and into a grand pink satin gown, bristling with Orders and diamonds and opening over a delicately lovely pink chiffon petticoat, heavy with rows of large embroidered roses. Mr. Stewart Houston was equal to the task of making a naive speech, reporting the progress of the toilet, and incidentally telling the amused audience to be on hand again this week for Damrosch and Duncan. Finally the velvet curtains parted and Schumann-Heinck, evidently in a hurry, sailed out, with her inimitable good natured smile and a request that the footlights be lowered. "Too much light," she chuckled, "and not enough water!" with an expressive motion of her hand across her cheeks. Of course everyone loved her for the pleasant way she tossed off her fatigue and the annoying delay, and when she sang the good-will and delight of the huge crowd burst forth in a startling salvo of applause. After the long programme, it was very quaint to hear her account of the delay on the road, as she sat, too tired to stand, and received a few of her old friends, talking German or English indiscriminately, and hungry as a hunter. To know Schumann-Heinck is to love her, for her big heart, earnestness and thoroughness, her inextinguishable humor and splendid temper, she is certainly "nobly planned," and among her virtues is that of being able to stand before an audience through ever so long a prelude, the embodiment of intelligent, absorbed attention to what is going on, a true artiste, who has no thought but of her theme and its revelation.

Miss Lyon, daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Lyon, of Aberdeen, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Inglis, 158 St. George street.

Mrs. Crawford Brown held her postnuptial receptions yesterday and on Thursday afternoons at Llawhaden, the home of Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Rev. and Mrs. Crawford Brown having been spending some time with Mrs. Crawford Brown's parents before entering a home of their own.

Mr. Arthur Jarvis and Miss Muriel Jarvis left on Sunday for St. John's, Newfoundland, where Mr. Jarvis and Miss Winter will be married on the nineteenth.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reid have taken Mrs. Russell Baldwin's house, 36 Lowther avenue. I hear that Miss Evelyn Reid will make her debut this season.

Mrs. C. C. Dalton gave a tea yesterday at her home in Isabella street, in honor of her new daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Dalton, Jr., who entered the family circle last summer.

Mrs. Glass and Miss Eva Glass are at the Alexandra.

Everyone was in raptures with the weather last Saturday, when an open-air function which generally tries the fortitude of delicate folk, was in progress. Memories of blue noses and bleak breezes go with the Hunt Club Gymkhana, but Saturday was a delightful exception, for the air was as bland and balmy as the most sensitive could desire. Consequently the pretty women wore their pretty frocks and dainty hats, and the dinner at the Hunt Club afterwards was attended by a vivacious and happy party. The races were interesting and well contested, and among the winners were Mr. Frank Proctor on Norseman for the D'Alton McCarthy Memorial Plate, the feature event of the day; Mr. Austin Taylor, Mr. Burton Holland, Mr. Murray Hendrie on J. C. Palmer's Fair Play, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. P. Miles, Mr. Rawlinson, and the Stanley Barracks team, which defeated the Hunt Club team. Mrs. C. W. Clinch and Mrs. Albert Macdonald presented the prizes. Five o'clock tea was served in the marquees, and the gay scene when the Gymkhana was in full swing, was a picture not to be soon forgotten.

I hear that Miss Begg is on her way out from Scotland, to be with her sister, Mrs. Henry Wyatt, in the sudden bereavement which has fallen upon her. Mrs. Wyatt is a splendid woman, and the very deepest sympathy is with her from all quarters, in her widowhood.

The stork has called upon Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houston in Ottawa, with the gift of a fine little girl. Another little "Sunday's child," a bonnie daughter, was left by the good bird for Mr. and Mrs. William Beardmore, at their pretty home in Acton.

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FOUND: A SUM OF MONEY

By A. E. BENSON

I FOUND it on the sidewalk at night, about half-way between lamp-posts. It was so compact-looking that I hesitated, picked it up, and found that it was a thick roll of bills. At the next light I unrolled it a little, and saw that several of the bills were fives and tens. I glanced around; there was nobody in sight on the quiet street. I thrust it into my coat pocket, and walked rapidly home. I went directly to my study, turned on the desk-lamp and unrolled it on the green pad. It amounted to one hundred and fifty-seven dollars. Three of the bills were twenties, and the rest tens, fives, twos and ones. After a few moments' consideration I rang the telephone, and placed the following advertisement in the four principal newspapers for the following day:

"FOUND

late last night, a sum of money. The owner may have it by applying between nine and one, or two and five, at the address below, and proving property.

"L. F. Mansfield,
45 Jefferson Building."

I then sent my butler with a similar notice to be placed in a conspicuous place in the nearest branch of the post-office.

As a was going to my office in the morning, it first occurred to me that I was acting foolishly; no doubt every dishonest man in town would be at my office to prove the money was his. I began to realize that my work for the day would be continually interrupted at best. When I reached my office I instructed one of my clerks to send all applicants for the money into the waiting-room, the door of which was near my desk.

I had not been at my desk long before a caller was announced. He was a workman, honest-appearing and healthy. I had made up my mind that I must handle my visitors without gloves, so I asked him abruptly what his business was.

"About that money, sir," he answered, somewhat shyly, fingering his hat.

"Well, how much was it, and about where did you lose it?" I demanded.

"It was a matter of ten dollars. I had it when I left the wharf at six o'clock, and missed it when I got home."

"Had you been anywhere after you left the wharf, and before you went home?" I asked.

"No, sir," he replied, very frankly.

"I'm very sorry," I replied, "but I'm afraid the money isn't yours; neither the sum nor the place corresponds."

"I'm sorry, too, sir," he replied, trying to conceal his disappointment with a smile. "Good day, sir. Thank you."

Ten minutes passed and another claimant entered. He was a small boy of about twelve years, decently dressed, and very much down in the mouth.

"Well, sir," I asked briefly, "what can I do for you?"

"I lost that money, sir," he said in a trembling voice. "I'd been over to Jimmy Daly's, an' I'd showed it to him, and we was goin' to the show to-day, an' I lost it when I went home, an' I didn't tell my mother about it." He stopped, his under lip quivering.

"How much was it, and where did you lose it?" I asked.

"It was fifty cents, an' I lost it on Wilson Street, 'cause me and Jimmy lives on the same street."

"And where did you get it?" I continued.

"'Cause to-day I'm fourteen, an' me father gave it to me," he said, choking a sob.

"Here it is, my boy," I answered, giving him a fifty-cent piece. His eyes danced, and without a word he ran out of the room. I heard him whistling down the corridor.

The next applicant did not arrive for an hour. He was an intelligent-looking man, rather overdressed, of about forty years. His eyes were black and snapping, and his hair very luxuriant. I put the usual question to him at once. He smiled indulgently.

"Well, sir, I can't say exactly how much there was in the roll, because I ain't apt to count the money I carry on me; and I was in a good many localities last night, and used only the change I had in another pocket. I had it here," indicating his hip pocket, "and must have wrenched it out in getting my handkerchief. Oh, I suppose there must have been fifty or a hundred dollars in it." He glanced at me carelessly, "Maybe more."

"I am sorry," I said, "but you don't describe the loss definitely enough to justify me in concluding that the money is yours."

"I suppose that's so," he replied, imperturbably, getting up. "I dare say I may have lost it in the Public Garden," he added, glancing quickly at me.

"That wasn't where I found it," I replied, shortly.

"Well, sir, if I can figure out how much I must have had on me, I'll call again. Good day."

I did not like this man's manner, and was glad to get rid of him so easily. I renewed my resolution to surrender the money to nobody without getting a perfectly satisfactory proof.

The next was an excited Irishman. He was a dull-looking fellow, and addressed me as if he suspected I had stolen the money.

"'Twas a pot o' dollars an' more I lost, and I want ut. I can't afoord to be losin' me savin's. Will yez be a good man an' give ut to me, sorr?"

"But, my friend," I answered, "I can't give it to you until I know whether it is your money."

"But begorry, ain't I afther *losin'* ut? What more do yez want?" he interrupted.

"Yes, exactly," I exclaimed hastily, "but suppose it isn't what you lost; suppose somebody else lost the money I found? You wouldn't want to take his money, would you?"

"Thin where the divil is *my* money?" he demanded, indignantly.

"I don't know any more than you do, if this isn't it," I replied, laughing.

He pondered in perplexity for a minute. Suddenly his face cleared. "Begorry, I have ut!" he exclaimed. "Do yez tell me how much was it you're afther findin', an' thin, av it's the same as I lost, it'll be mine sure," he said, triumphantly.

"But if I told any one how much the sum was," I replied, "any dishonest man could come in here and say it was his!"

He gazed at me in doubt. "An' are yez afther thinkin' I'm a dishonust man?" he asked, slowly.

"Oh, no," I replied, smiling easily, "not at all; but you see I don't know anything about you."

"Faith, ain't that as bad talkin'?" he said, indignantly.

"Well, look here," said I, "let's assume that we are both honest men. Now you tell me how much you lost, and I'll tell you whether that was the amount that I found. That'll come to the same thing."

"I'll not!" he said. "Why would I be tellin' you how much I'm afther losin', and you not tell me how much you're afther findin'?"

Here was an honest, stupid man, I thought, as I stood in perplexity, wondering what to do with him. At last an idea struck me. "I'll tell you," said I, "you take this piece of paper and write on it the sum you lost, and I'll write on this piece the sum I found. Then we'll open the papers together, and if the figures are the same, we shall know that the money I found was yours."

He looked at me doubtfully with his mouth open. At last he seemed to understand. "Faith, that'll be fair fur th' both av us," he said, slowly.

We did as I had suggested. The figures did not correspond; his was 125. When I showed him that the money could not be his, he became indignant; but after a moment or two he seemed to understand.

"Ye look like an honest man," he observed, "an' wouldn't be keepin' back the savin's of an honest worrukman, ye wid a big office, and min under ye." He put on his hat, gazed around the room regretfully, and departed slowly and sadly.

It was not until afternoon that I had another caller. At lunch I had talked my visitors over with a friend, who agreed with me that with the possible exception of the black-eyed man, who didn't know how much he had lost, the claimants had all been honest. So far no woman had come; but I was destined to see the fair sex in the afternoon. My first caller was a woman of youngish appearance, and fashionably dressed.

"This is Mr. Mansfield?" she said.

"Yes. Please sit down," I answered, bowing and moving up a chair.

"Thank you, I won't sit down. I called in to ask about that money which you advertised this morning. It isn't much, Mr. Mansfield; but you know a woman's money is what her husband gives her, and means more than you men think. Thank you," she said with a smile, as I picked up and handed her her muff, which she had dropped. "The sum was a little over a hundred and fifty-five or fifty-six dollars—I am afraid I can't say exactly how much—I had been shopping. I lost it somewhere in the Back Bay, no doubt—I had made several calls—probably on Marlborough Street, or one of the cross streets, though I can't be sure of that." She stopped and smiled.

"May I ask your name?" I said.

"Certainly; Mrs. William J. Carver."

"—And where you live?"

"On Marlborough Street. I think

(*Concluded on page* 12).

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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Vol. 23. Toronto, Canada, October 16, 1909. No. 1.

!?. Points About People .?!

Who Struck Billy Paterson?

THE problem as to who originated that yet more mysterious problem, "Who struck Billy Paterson?" has been revived by a journal of no less dignity than The Boston Transcript. It is one that will never be solved, but the revival of the controversy recalls the fact that thirty years ago the same controversy raged wildly in the city of Hamilton, the arena being the columns of the redoubtable Spectator of that city. A young man connected with one of the financial institutions, to idle away a summer's day, started it going by writing a letter to The Spectator earnestly enquiring as to the authorship of the phrase. The newspaper could vouchsafe no answer but printed the query. Next day the young man sent in a reply to his own question giving circumstantial details as to the origin of the phrase. On the day following he invented another story and wrote denouncing the inaccuracy of the previous explanation. Of course different noms-de-plume were employed, and friends were enlisted in the service in order that the handwriting in the various letters should be different. This was kept up until the joker had emphatically asserted with all detail half a dozen origins of the phrase. In the meantime he had wakened up half the liars of literary inclinations in Hamilton. Letters poured in on The Spectator giving origins never heard of before. Some of the letter writers actually seemed to believe their own assertions. Half-remembered yarns about it were recalled and finally the dispute threatened to grow so acrimonious that The Spectator decided to close its columns to the veto. A solution of the world-famous question will never now be reached, but no doubt the controversy will arise from time to time in one quarter or another as long at least as any reader of this page continues to survive.

There was one occasion however when the meaningless query came in handy. In June, 1896, when the Liberals came into power in Canada one of the few leaders of the party who suffered defeat was Hon. Wm. Paterson, who fell by the wayside in South Brant. Next morning every Conservative newspaper in Ontario, glad to have one crumb of comfort, echoed the time-honored phrase, "Who struck Billy Paterson?"

Chief Justice as Reporter.

WHEN one of the feminine reporters on the staff of one of Toronto's evening papers found herself some time since shifted for the occasion to Osgoode Hall, where she was expected to go and secure a story of what happened in court where an important case was being heard, she wondered how she would get along.

After she had been five minutes in the court she ceased wondering, for she realized that it was utterly beyond her. She did not understand what the lawyers were driving at, or what the judge was talking about. In short she felt that her life was a complete failure for the time being. She resolved to stick it out, however. She tried to make notes, but the notes were mere absurdities. But she was not going to let the thing get away from her entirely, and when the lawyers were leaving, she plucked up courage and moved up to where Chief Justice Falconbridge sat on the bench. To him she gave a stated case, but she did it in an unusual way.

"I didn't really understand a word of what was said, and more than that, if you were to tell me all about it, I shouldn't understand it, I am sure," she told the Chief Justice.

Sir Glenholme Falconbridge was secretly much amused at this naive form of address.

"You even admit that if I were to explain it, you would not understand, eh,—well, I'll see what I can do for you."

Whereupon the Chief Justice pulled a pad of paper towards him, took up a pen, and for the next twenty minutes engaged himself in getting up a "popular" account of the intricate court action. He finally handed it over to the young woman, bade her good-bye, and then hurried away to lunch.

Next day the managing editor of the newspaper congratulated the reporter on her court story, and she confessed that it was all written by the Chief Justice.

Stage People that We Know.

THE presence in Toronto this week of Mr. E. M. Holland, the veteran comedian who plays a prominent role in "Foreign Exchange," recalls to mind what was once the premier dramatic organization of America, the last of its kind to all intents and purposes, namely, the A. M. Palmer Stock Company of New York. Although but little more than fifteen years have passed since its disbandment all the leading members, with the exception of Mr. Holland, are dead or in retirement. It included at least two Canadians of prominence—Miss Julia Arthur, who left the stage to become Mrs. Benjamin Cheney, of Boston, and the late Reuben Fax. The organization, it may be said, was much stronger in men than it was in women for the reason that the managerial research for women of charm and talent who could be developed into stars always operated against the feminine end of stock companies. But the men were fine. They included the late Maurice Barrymore, at his best the most graceful and intelligent of leading men; the late E. J. Henley, a peerless romantic actor; the late J. H. Stoddart; and numerous other men of lesser fame but genuine artistic skill like the late Fred Robinson, the late Walden Ramsay and the late Reuben Fax.

Mr. Holland was the chief character comedian of the company; and few who saw it in Toronto during the last year of its existence will forget the protean manner in which he assumed various roles in the repertoire of the organization. In "The Pair of Spectacles" the roles of the two Goldfinchs, Benjamin and Gregory, were created in America by J. H. Stoddard and E. M. Holland respectively, and in England by John Hare and Charles Groves. The role of the brother from Sheffield which Holland played is a famous one and requires skilled handling. Holland was capital in the part and no doubt would like to make a try at it again. Another part that was a famous one with him and which he created was that of Col. Moberly in Augustus Thomas's charming idyl, "Alabama," which was rather weak as a play but made effective by splendid acting. It was hard to imagine that the *distingue*, chivalrous, drawling Alabama Colonel who strolled through the piece was the same man who had been the brusque Yorkshireman on the previous night. An absolutely different manifestation of his art was Mr. Holland's creation of the detective, Capt. Redwood, in the melodrama, "Capt. Swift," in which he divided honors with Maurice Barrymore, who was ideal in the title role. So potent was this performance that when three or four years ago it was decided to star Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles" the role of Redwood was lifted bodily from the earlier piece and Mr. Holland engaged to create the part on precisely the same lines as in the play of a previous decade. Mr. Holland has acted in good company, and if some day he should decide to write a critical memoir on the actors with whom he has been associated in his long, artistic career it should prove deeply interesting. He is not a mere type, but an accomplished all round actor.

There are several other artists in the cast of "Foreign Exchange" who spring from the big stock companies of the past. One of them, indeed, is still young. The last time Miss Percy Haswell, the leading lady of the company, played in Canada it was as a very young actress in the company of Augustin Daly. On only one occasion did the famous manager bring his full New York forces to Canada and that was in the autumn of 1895. Even then it had ceased to be a stock company in the fullest sense of the word, for Miss Ada Rehan was to all intents and purposes a star supported by lesser lights; but there were famous people in the cast, notably the late James Lewis and the well beloved Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, who survived to act after Miss Rehan had retired. The men in the company included Frank Worthing, John Craig, Tyrone Power and George Clarke, for even then John Drew had deserted the ranks to become a star himself. The ingenue roles were divided between two beautiful young women who were to all intents and purposes beginners, Miss Maxine Elliott and Miss Percy Haswell. The latter who sang charmingly also was regarded by Mr. Daly as much the more promising of the two, and while a mere girl was given the honor of being Miss Rehan's understudy. Strangely enough, Miss Haswell remained permanently in stock work, chiefly in Baltimore and in southern cities, and did not fill the public eye as did her less talented associate. Her sound experience, however, accounts for the *finesse* of her acting. The new theatre which is projected in New York is an attempt to revive with a greater *reclame* the glories of the old Palmer and Daly stock companies. Whether the good work will be effective remains to be seen.

When Railroads Were New.

A BOOK entitled "When Railroads Were New," by Charles Frederick Carter, recently published by Henry Holt & Co., contains a great deal of interesting information concerning the beginnings of rail transportation in America. In writing this volume Mr. Carter has done something which needed doing. He has placed on record in straight-away fashion the history of the mechanical progress of railroads on this continent from the time—well within living memory—when the inhabitants of Dorchester, Massachusetts, instructed their representatives at Washington to "use their utmost endeavors to prevent, if possible, so great a calamity to our town as must be the location of any railroad through it." He gives us a sketch of America's pioneer railroad, which was opened in 1830 and ran three trains a day from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills, thirteen miles away. Then we have the story of early days on the Erie and of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and this is followed by the "Genesis of the Vanderbilt System."

The subject of railroad building in Canada has not been so carefully handled, but the book concludes with an account of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the last page contains a story which may be repeated here. Mr. Carter notes that the people of this country are a thrifty folk, the reason perhaps being that Scotchmen are numerous and influential here. He says that the ceremony of driving the last spike of the C.P.R. was conducted on economical lines.

"The last spike," said General Manager Van Horne, "will be just as good an iron one as there is between Montreal and Vancouver. Any one who wants to see it driven will have to pay full fare." As a result there were very few spectators when Mr. Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, wielded the maul, and when the blow had been struck without any preliminary speech-making or festivities the little party went fishing.

A new portrait of Mlle. Genevieve Vix, the beautiful leading soprano of the Opera Comique, Paris, who has just scored a huge triumph by her wonderful interpretation of the title-role in M. Andre Bloch's new opera, successfully produced at the Casino du Grand Cercle, Aix-les-Bains.

Ugly, Useless Advertising.

FROM time to time ineffectual protests are heard against the defacement of the beautiful landscapes of this country by advertising signs. One can go nowhere along the main travelled roads without encountering in great, glaring letters the name of some tooth wash or patent medicine or a sign extolling the merits of some variety of wearing apparel. In one of the current magazines a man who has adorned fifty thousand miles of landscape in America with the virtues of various commodities makes confession and says he is filled with remorse every time he travels on a railroad train. So far the craze only destroys the prospect in the more settled portions of the community or along the right of way of railroads where the advertisement will be seen by countless eyes. The wilds of Canada are for the most part free of such desecration.

But this is not always the case. In the wild country easily accessible from Toronto there is no wilder or more beautiful section than the upper reaches of the Severn River near Ragged Rapids. The wooded rocks rise sheer from the water and at nightfall the wild life both of forest and stream are to be observed on all sides. It has a primeval quality which makes it difficult to realize that the towns and cities of a complex civilization are within easy reach. In truth this part of the river looks as the streams that Chaplain saw when he first explored this section of the country must have looked.

Yet as one goes into the wildest parts of the river one is confounded to be suddenly confronted with scripture texts in glaring white letters which deface the granite cliffs warning the stray wayfarer to flee from the wrath to come. Needless to say the picture comes as a shock to the tourist revelling in the picturesque wildness of nature, but not in the sense that the well meaning man who had the signs painted intended. It is hard to persuade the most tolerant lover of nature that it is necessary for Christianity to deface nature in order to convey its message.

Mr. Foster and Mr. Pugsley.

THE rivalry of those bitter Parliamentary opponents, Hon. William Pugsley and Hon. George E. Foster, dates back to school days in New Brunswick. Reared in the same county—King's—they set off to college together, both green, but promising country youths. "I first saw Mr. Pugsley on the train going into college," said Mr. Foster once.

They entered the University of New Brunswick in the same freshmen class and all through their academic career, the fight for first honors was between the two youths. They were registered at different schools. Foster was head boy at one and Pugsley at the other. They were yearly rivals for scholarships, for debating, and for all the collegiate honors. For three years Foster managed to nose out his opponent for honors, but the final year Pugsley took the highest honors, with Foster a close second. It was with the class of 1868, they were sent forth by their alma mater, sheep-skins under their arms, to face the world.

Pugsley started studying law, Foster went into teaching. Later, the two brilliant young graduates drifted into politics, where their careers have strangely crossed, until now once more are they rivals at Ottawa.

Hon. George E. Foster is at present in the West on a lecture tour. It is seven years since the ex-Finance Minister has been West, and the trip is as much a holiday as anything else. Hon. Geo. E. had a great time meeting old friends. One of the most interesting meetings was that with Hon. Hugh John MacDonald, son of his old chieftain. A busy two hours they had of it talking over the old days and the better days—for the Conservative party.

There was one interesting meeting which was not on the books. Hon. Robert Rogers had Mr. Foster in tow and they ran into "Bob" Edwards, editor of The Eye Opener, that spicy publication, which has never had particularly pleasant things to say of Mr. Foster.

"Mr. Foster, Mr. Edwards, editor of The Eye-Opener. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Foster," said the Hon. Bob.

Mr. Foster gasped as he looked at the mild-eyed man. All he could get out was:

"So this is the man," and stared.

A Letter From Europe.

Millstatt, Austria,
Hotel Lee Villa,
Sept. 12, 1909.

SINCE I last wrote, we have had a trip to Italy, and were five days in Venice. It is certainly the most fascinating place in all Italy. Our visit there was delightful, with cool weather, a fine moon, and ideal conditions. Nothing can modernize Venice, a fact which adds much to its charm. It is overflowing with history and romance at every turn. The gondolas are beautiful. One gets the feeling that they are huge sea animals, and alive. They have wonderful music on floating barges out on the canals each evening, and it is truly delightful to float about in your gondola, which is luxuriously comfortable, and listen to it. We spent one afternoon going through all the little narrow side canals, turning and twisting everywhere into the strangest places, taking photographs and throwing coins to dozens of little ragged urchins.

St. Mark's is a most wonderful church—so entirely different from any other I have ever been in. The mosaics are simply beyond description, and the altar built over and containing the body of the Apostle St. Mark has a high back of solid gold over six feet high. It is most beautifully chased and abundantly set with pearls, cameos and precious stones. You are given long candles that you may examine it closely. The altar beside it is wonderful, too, supported by beautiful marble columns, two being of semi-transparent alabaster, spirally twisted, and said to have come from Solomon's temple.

The Grand Hotel, at which we stayed, was an old palace at one time. It is on the Grand Canal, and has a canal on each side; and I used to lie awake in the early mornings and listen to the gondoliers singing softly as they passed. Desdemona's house is directly next our hotel, and a little farther on is the house where Browning lived and died. It is beautiful, and has a tablet set in the side on which is engraved his own saying: "Open my heart and you will see engraved inside it Italy." And, indeed, I do not wonder that he felt that way, for Italy is indeed beautiful.

We did much walking, too, going over the old Rialto bridge, into the square where the Merchant of Venice was supposed to have had his shop. We went through the old prison and Doges palace connected with the famous Bridge of Sighs. We fed the pigeons in St. Mark's Square, and let them fly all over us.

We had a fine time, too, in Milan. It is a beautiful, clean, up-to-date city. The fine white marble cathedral fairly makes one gasp. Each window is like a most exquisite oil painting, the colors like precious stones. The work seems almost superhuman when you consider that there are 2,400 statues there. That which struck me most forcibly was one of St. Bartholomew, flayed alive and carrying his own skin over his shoulder. Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture of "The Last Supper" is there.

Genoa is a quaint little town, and seems all up hill. The chief attraction there is the cemetery, not because of its age, for it was only commenced in 1884, but because it is filled with the most wonderful statues and monuments, done by famous Italian sculptors. All the beautiful Carrara marble comes from near Genoa, and many of the houses are built of it.

The Austro-American magnesite works are nearing completion; they are enormous; the company have about a thousand men working at the buildings and the aerial railway. The machinery is very heavy. One piece alone required twenty-two horses to draw it on level ground. It is the largest undertaking in Europe at the present time.

M. B.

MONTREAL VS. ARGONAUTS.
An exciting moment in last Saturdays game on the Rosedale Grounds, when Montreal won by thirteen to five.

THE ETERNAL BUDGET

WORKING-MAN: "Look here, gov'nor—I think it's about time you got out and walked."

GET OFF THE EARTH.

INSPECTOR LLOYD GEORGE: "If you occupy the whole carriage you must pay for it."

"THE FOX AND THE STORK."

WHATEVER be thought of the Lloyd-George Budget — and there is room for every gradation of opinion between the Radical view of it as a panacea for every economic ill, and the Landlord opinion that it is the greatest of all the iniquities prefigured in the Apocalypse—there can be no question as to the greatness of the sensation it has caused and is likely to go on causing until the matter is settled. All over England meetings are being held to discuss it, and thousands of speakers, from such men as Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour down to curb-spielers, are engaged in explaining to the bewildered country that it means the ruin of the nation through the destruction of capital and the sacred rights of property, or that it will make England once more the happiest and most contented as well as the strongest nation on earth, because it will raise the common people from the oppression of landlordism.

As to which side is finding most favor with the masses—who are, after all, the high arbiters and court of final appeal on the question—there can be little question that the Lloyd-George party seems to be making the strongest impression. And this is only natural. The Budget proposes to make the landlord pay a much larger proportion than he has been paying towards the revenue of the country. Such a proposal as this would naturally be very welcome to "the other fellow." "And so "the other fellow" is shouting himself hoarse at public meetings and is singing campaign songs and laughing till his sides ache over political cartoons—all with the worthy object of expressing his dislike of landlords as a class and landlordism as a profession, and his desire that they should do more towards buying Dreadnoughts and paying the old-age pensions of such worthy fellows as himself. The view is thus a very natural and understandable one, based on human and selfish motives which appeal to all the world. And so one has not far to seek for the reason of the extraordinary enthusiasm at Liberal meetings, and especially at the great Limehouse meeting, where Lloyd-George defended and explained the famous measure which is now inseparably connected with his name. Some of the passages of that speech will be of interest to Canadians as showing the kind of argument and apt instance by which he is driving home his theories into the minds of the people. Take his description of what he very aptly called "the golden swamp":

"Not far from here not so many years ago, between the Lea and the Thames, you had hundreds of acres of land which was not very useful even for agricultural purposes. In the main it was a sodden marsh. The commerce and the trade of London increased under free trade, the tonnage of your shipping went up by hundreds of thousands of tons and by millions, labor was attracted from all parts of the country to help with all this trade and business done here. What happened? There was no housing accommodation. This part of London became overcrowded and the population overflowed. That was the opportunity of the owners of the marsh. All that land became valuable building land, and land which used to be rented at £2 or £3 an acre has been selling within the last few years at £2,000 an acre, £3,000 an acre, £6,000 an acre, £8,000 an acre. Who created that increment? Who made that golden swamp? Was it the landlord? Was it his energy? Was it his brains, his forethought? It was purely the combined effort of all the people engaged in the trade and commerce of that part of London—the trader, the merchant, the shipowner, the dock laborer, the workman—everybody except the landlord. Now you follow that transaction. The land worth £2 or £3 an acre ran up to thousands. During the time it was ripening the landlord was paying his rates and his taxes not on £2 or £3 an acre. It was agricultural land; and because it was agricultural land, a munificent Tory Government voted a sum of two millions to pay half the rates of those poor distressed landlords! You and I had to pay taxes in order to enable those landlords to pay half their rates on agricultural land, while it was going up every year by hundreds of pounds from your efforts and the efforts of your neighbors. Well, now that is coming to an end. On the walls of Mr. Balfour's meeting last Friday were the words, 'We protest against fraud and folly.' So do I. These things I am going to tell you of have only been possible up to the present through the fraud of the few and the folly of the millions. In future those landlords will have to contribute to the taxation of the country on the basis of the real value only one-halfpenny in the pound! And that is what all the howling is about."

He then went on to speak of the leasehold system, whereby the landlord reaps the benefit of the improvements made by the tenant. Here, too, he quoted instances of which the following was the most remarkable:

"The Gorringe case is a very familiar case. It was the case of the Duke of Westminster. Oh! these dukes, how they harrass us. Mr. Gorringe had got a lease of the premises at a few hundred pounds a year ground rent. He built up a great business there. He was a very able business man, and when the end of the lease came he went to the Duke of Westminster, and he said, 'Will you renew my lease? I want to carry on my business here.' He said, 'Oh, yes, I will, but I will do it on condition that the few hundreds a year you pay for ground rent shall in future be £4,000 a year.' In addition to that he had to pay a fine—a fine, mind you!—of £50,000, and he had to build up huge premises at enormous expense according to plans submitted to the Duke of Westminster. All I can say is this—if it is confiscation and robbery for us to say to that duke that, being in need of money for public purposes, we will take 10 per cent. after all you have got for that purpose, what would you call his taking nine-tenths? These are the cases we have got to deal with. Look at all this leasehold system. A case like that is not business; it is blackmail."

This is the sort of argument which won for Lloyd-George the enthusiastic support of his hearers. And this is the sort of matter-of-fact statement which makes the arguments of his opponents—even such gifted men as Lord Rosebery—seem in comparison bloodless and academic. Consider the popular appeal of such an argument as the following:

"Now there are many cases where landlords take advantage of the exigencies of commerce and of industry—take advantage of the needs of municipalities and even of national needs and of the monopoly which they have got in land in a particular neighborhood in order to demand extortionate prices. Take the very well-known case of the Duke of Northumberland, when a county council wanted to buy a small plot of land as a site for a school to train the children who in due course would become the men laboring on his property. The rent was quite an insignificant thing; his contribution to the rates—I forget—I think on the basis of 30 shillings per acre. What did he demand for it for a school? £900 an acre. Well, all we say is this, Mr. Buxton and I say—if it is worth £900, let him pay taxes on £900."

Cartoons are also an excellent way of getting an idea of the popular feeling on a subject, though, of course, there are cartoons on every side of any question. But the accompanying drawings from The Morning Leader's publication of the Limehouse speech in pamphlet form, are a particularly striking evidence of the manner in which a large section of the English people regard the relations between noble and commoner and the probable effect of the Budget. They speak for themselves.

Another form in which popular feeling is apt to find expression is in song, and there is a hackneyed old quotation about "writing the songs of a nation," which shows the importance to be attached to them. Following are some of the lyrics which at present make husky the throats of good Liberals and split the ears of landlords:

THE LIBERAL MARCH.
Tune: Men of Harlech.

Britons all, now rouse to action,
Rise *to fight the landlord faction!*
Through their ranks now spread distraction,
Scatter all their bands!
Think of victories won already,
Keep your ranks still firm and steady,
Keep your swords aye sharp and ready—
Ready to your hands.

Chorus—Shoulder press to shoulder!
Onward march and bolder!
Triumphs we shall surely see
Before the day's much older.
Linked in friendly federation,
"FREEDOM for our land and nation"
Be our joyful aspiration—
On to victory!

Honest principles inspire us;
Calls of noble leaders fire us;
In the struggle naught must tire us,
Till our work is done.
Now the People's cause is reigning,
Every man in combat straining,
Foot by foot fresh vantage gaining,
Keeping ground we've won.

Chorus—Shoulder press to shoulder, etc.

Leaders whom we trust now rule us;
Landlords shall no longer school us;
Selfish tricks shall not befool us,
We've a better way!
Equal rights all shall be sharing,
Equal burdens all be bearing,
Each for all, for all each caring—
Hail the happy day!

Chorus—Shoulder press to shoulder, etc.

HURRAH FOR THE BUDGET.
Tune: Bonnie Dundee.

Hip hurrah for the Budget, the taxes are good!
Let them run on the Landlords, and not on the food;
If beer, and the baccy, must share in the stress,
Then perhaps we can do with a little the less.

Chorus—
Cheers for the Budget, the Budget intact,
The Lords they must choose between fancy and fact;
They fancy their veto will answer again,
But in fact we will see that the Commons shall reign.

There is plenty of wealth if the sailors want more;
Why, to rule on the sea, need we starve on the shore?
The dukes and the dandies can pay for the fun,
It's the people who serve at the breach of the gun!

Chorus—Cheers for the Budget, etc.

So for age and for work let the nation provide
It is all that we ask on the laborer's side;
Then with luxury taxed, and corn without fee,
The poor will be happy, and their trade will be free.

Chorus—Cheers for the Budget, etc.

And here is part of an anti-protection ditty:

"Then it's up at duty's call, my lads,
Form in your strength a wall, my lads;
The Budget to defend, my lads,
Lloyd-George and Asquith shall not fall!
And when at length the victory's won,
And all the weary conflict done,
Honor and love to every one
Who answers now to Duty's call.

"Once more conflict rages o'er the land,
The land we love is sore distressed;
Rise ye men of dauntless heart and hand,
For Duty calls you to the test.
Up in noble pity, th' hungry seek your aid,
Resist, resist Protection laws.
Come then in your might, enter on the fight
'Tis a battle for the People's cause.
'Tis a battle for the People's cause!
So we'll resist while taxes threaten
Our homes and trade and children's food."

The Orator: "An' wot, I say, is the position of the workin'-man ter-day? Ain't 'e starvin'—I ask yer?"

City Boys and Country Boys

DURING the past week the newspapers of the United States have had a good deal to say about Robert S. Lovett, whom the late E. H. Harriman selected as his "successor." Lovett is a shrewd lawyer with extraordinary organizing ability, who three years ago went from Houston, Texas, to New York as vice-president and general counsel of the Harriman railway lines. One of the stories told about him is to the effect that one day thirty-five years ago he was plowing on his father's farm down in Texas, and that rounding a hill he saw something which caused him to stop and lean on his plough handles. Some distance away was a construction train, and a gang of men could be seen laying down ties and rails on a narrow gauge railroad. Next day Lovett went over to watch the work. It fascinated him. He asked for and received a job, and so started railroad work in the same way that D. D. Mann did—driving a team as a member of a construction gang. The other boys of the neighborhood were inclined to "guy" young Lovett because of his new job, for the mud was deep thereabouts, and teaming ties looked to be much harder work than plowing. But the future railroad magnate was looking farther ahead than that. "Some day," said he, "I'm going to own that railroad." And sure enough in after years he became president of a consolidated system which included the little narrow gauge line.

Perhaps this is only a story. But the fact that we have heard of so many big careers starting in just such a way is strikingly significant. Lovett, like Harriman, was a country boy. Why is it that so many of the big prizes of the world are won by country boys? Why have so many of the big things that have been turned out in the world's workshop been first vaguely dreamed of by boys leaning over plow handles or sweeping out country stores or working in country printing offices or wondering about things in general in quiet lanes and bush lots?

The following extract from The Juvenile Court Record of New York was published this week:

"I have on my desk a list of 1,000 successful men of this nation. By 'successful' I do not mean mere money-makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education, art, etc. These are the men who influence our moral as well as physical lives. They construct for better things. How these men started in work is interesting. Their first foothold in work is a fine study. Three hundred started as farmers' sons. Two hundred started as messenger boys. Two hundred were newsboys. One hundred were printers' apprentices. One hundred were apprenticed in manufactories. Fifty began at the bottom of railway work. Fifty—only fifty—had wealthy parents to give them a start."

This is a city record, and it would probably have been found, if the analysis had been continued, that the great majority of these men were once not only poor boys but country boys. At any rate, almost every big man in every branch of constructive work, in Canada or the United States, is or has been a country boy, born and "raised" on a farm or in a small town. Why is it? In the first place, the country boy sees and learns real life, while the city boy, generally speaking, sees and learns artificial life. The country boy is brought up in a workshop and among all the big natural forces that are at the bottom of things. The city boy is brought up either in a parlor or in a factory of some kind—all city work and business being more or less factory work—and in serious things he has practically no knowledge of anything but a superficial understanding of finished products. The ambitous city boy aims to earn money and position. The ambitious country boy aims to make something—to do something. But the country boy's advantage goes further than this. The circumstances of his life lead him—force him—to reflection. If he is stupid and stolid, as many country boys are, he will merely ruminate. But if he has imagination—then look out for that country boy. He will dream dreams that are altogether beyond the average city boy's experience; and after a while he will probably find his way to the city to build something substantial on his dreams.

Suppose it is a fine Saturday in early summer, and that a group of small boys in a city and a group of small boys in the country start out to make the most of the day. The country lads steal off to the bush, to the "crick," to one of a hundred places they know, to follow a hundred more or less mysterious pursuits. The city boys take to the streets or to a vacant lot. But there is no romance or mystery or freedom there. For them there are no robber caves, no hunts for wild things in woods or river, no pets to care for and study, no rugged self-invented games that call for initiative and stimulate fancy, no hours spent in simply "wondering" about things in open places under the open sky. These days boys in all parts of Toronto are spending a lot of time, and incidentally doing a lot of damage, gathering nuts from horse-chestnut trees. A country boy would call this foolish, for the nuts are useless. For his part he is perhaps as destructive as the city boy, but when he smashes a tree, it is always a beech tree or butternut or a fruit tree. For although the country boy collects a lot of stuff which to his elders appears to be trash, he rarely gathers anything which is not to himself useful.

The city boy, whatever his age, spends altogether too much time gathering metaphorical horse chestnuts—pretty, shining things that are useless, and some other things that are not even pretty. As he sheds his knickerbockers, he gathers a fine crop of slang phrases and sporting and theatrical knowledge. But smart as he thinks himself, he knows remarkably little about the real things of life. His idea of success is to be in possession of money enough to "have a good time." The country boy likes to have a good time too, but he knows the difference between essentials and non-essentials, and he starts in, at the first chance, to do real things and to be somebody, not merely to look like somebody. It is not the city boy's fault, but his misfortune, that he is at a disadvantage with the country boy. A boy can't very well dream of future conquests in business or in art in a little backyard or a vacant lot or in a noisy street. Some boys—a good many of them—have done this no doubt. But the practice is far easier when one can lean on a plow handle, as young Lovett is said to have done. And in youth the qualities that make for success are more readily developed by teaming railway ties in dead earnest, with thoughts of future advancement, than in working in a comfortable city office with no thought or desire more serious than one which concerns hustling home as soon as the place closes, to get ready to take one's best girl to the latest musical comedy.

HAL.

THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB GYMKHANA.
The Pillow Fight, which was one of many interesting items on the programme given on the Hunt Club grounds last Saturday.

Italy levies a graduated income tax as well as a direct tax on land and houses. Small incomes are exempt from taxation. The minister of finance estimates that the income tax for this year will amount to about $49,600,000, while the land tax will bring in $36,000,000.

Now some people are saying that Andree was the cleverest explorer of the lot. He went off to find the Pole and never came back.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Says The Houston Chronicle: What is wanted, Mr. Burbank, is a melon Wall Street can't cut.

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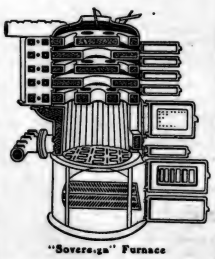

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Found: A Sum of Money

(*Continued from page 9*).

I have sometimes seen you pass our house," she said, smiling again.

"Thank you; excuse me a moment," I said, and went into my office. I got a Blue Book and a Social Register, and found a William J. Carver at number —— Marlborough Street. I said a few words to one of my clerks, and then returned to her.

"The money seems to be yours, Mrs. Carver," I said, "and I am glad to be able to return it to you. How long, may I ask, have you lived on Marlborough Street?"

"Not quite two years," she answered.

"It is a pity you didn't telephone me this morning," I went on. "I could have sent the money up, and you would not have been bothered to call for it. Shall I bring it to you this evening? I shall be passing your house."

"Why—really, Mr. Mansfield, I shall need it this afternoon, and if you will return it to me now it will be much more convenient, and it will be less trouble for you." She seemed to be irritated at my suggestion, but I was playing for time. At that moment my clerk opened the door and put in his head. I excused myself for a moment to Mrs. Carver, and went into the office with the clerk. He had telephoned to number —— Marlborough Street, and had spoken to Mrs. Carver herself, who said she had lost no money. I returned to the woman.

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Carver," I said, "but many people have answered my notice in the papers to-day, and I decided at the outset that I must observe rigid precautions. I shall have to ask you to let me bring the money to you this evening."

She turned red. "Have you any idea that I am an impostor, Mr. Mansfield?" she said, indignantly.

I said nothing, but looked at her steadily. Her rage at least was real, and it told much about her.

"Don't bother to return it at all," she cried, rushing to the door. "You had better keep it yourself!" And she slammed the door behind her.

Until this moment I had forgotten that this woman had named correctly the sum that I had found; and now this knowledge seemed extraordinary. She must have found out where I lived—probably from the Directory—but how had she known the sum? I had told it to nobody; stop, though: I had told it to the Irishman! Unless she was guessing—and this did not seem likely, considering the pains she had taken with other details—she must have got the information from him. If this was so, he was the cleverest man I had ever seen, instead of the stupidest!

It was hardly worth while examining any more claimants, for now I knew that from both the Irishman and the woman the sum could be known, and the general neighborhood of where I found it was known by the latter. But there were no more callers until five o'clock, my usual time for leaving my office. Then a young woman was announced. She was small, thinly dressed, and was much out of breath. She appeared somewhat frightened. I offered her a chair.

"You come about the money I found?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," in a hesitating, embarrassed way.

"And how much did you lose?" I continued.

"It was twenty-five dollars, sir," she said, anxiously. "It didn't belong to me, but to my employer."

"Where did you lose it?" I continued.

"I can't tell exactly, sir. I work on Weymouth Street; and after we closed the shop last night I was to take the money to my employer's house, so that he might deposit it on his way down this morning."

"Where is his house?" I asked.

"I didn't go to it then, sir; I walked home with one of the other girls—there are three of us—and when I left her I forgot about the money until I got home. We had been talking of—of something that interested me and kept me thinking. Then when I remembered I looked for the money in my pocket, and it was gone."

"Did you go and tell your employer at once?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly."

"Was he angry?" I continued.

A shade passed over the thin features. "He said I must pay it back," she replied. "But I haven't told you, sir, that my friend lives on Inman Street, and that I live on Water Street, which runs off it. That, or the way from the shop to Inman Street, is where I must have lost it."

"Yes; but I don't see how your employer can hold you responsible," I went on. "Weren't you doing him a favor; not work which you were paid for?"

"I thought of that, sir, and it makes me feel that my luck is very hard; but I am pressed for my sister's living and my own, and I am afraid some people will think I took the money myself and then invented the story. No, sir, I shall pay it as best I can—if it isn't my money that you found." She looked at me with resolution. I had just noticed the paleness in her cheeks; since the flush from her rapid walking had gone, they looked almost transparent.

I pondered for a full minute. "It seems to me that it is your money," I replied. "I decided when I found it that I wasn't going to cheated by a dishonest claimant, and I'm not. People have been coming here all day, but you are honest enough to make me believe the money is yours."

She stared at me in astonishment. I took the roll of bills from my pocket and pressed it into her motionless hand. I ushered her to the door and closed it before she had said anything. A moment later came a knock. I opened the door and found her standing with the bills in her hand and tears in her eyes.

"Excuse me, sir; I didn't thank you. But I lost only twenty-five dollars, and there is very much more than that here." She seemed dazed and reached out the bills toward me.

"I didn't say it was your money I found, my dear," I replied; "I merely said that the money I found was yours. Now you please take my luck and substitute it for yours. If the person who lost what I found should turn up, I can afford to pay the money back." Then I laughed and shut the door.

I did not trouble to stop at the Carvers' house, on Marlborough Street, when I went home a little later. I had not seen my wife since the day before, so before dressing for dinner I went into her sitting-room for a domestic chat in front of the fire. The events of the day would be interesting enough to amuse her, even in the midst of social things. I found her sitting in an easy-chair before the crackling blaze in a blue tea-gown whose filmy lace set off her pretty head with its wavy light brown hair.

"Hello, dearie!" she said as I entered, turning her head slightly and stretching out one white arm vaguely toward me to be received as a handshake or a caress, as I might see fit. I interpreted it as the latter. I drew up another chair beside her.

"Tired?" I asked.

"No, dear, but mad."

"Mad! What's the matter? Hat disappointing or servants fresh?"

"Oh no, Louis, but I've done such a stupid thing! Now don't be *very* mad with me! Do you know yesterday I had been out all the afternoon and when I came back it was dark, and what do you think? When I changed my dress I found I had lost all my money—over a hundred and fifty dollars—cut of my pocket!"

"How much was it and where—er—I mean—that was extremely careless of you, dear," I answered.

"Louis, it's sweet of you not to scold me! But don't you think we might advertise for it?" she asked.

"Advertise!" I exclaimed. "You needn't imagine, my dear, that the man who found it has got the moral courage to own up!"—From Harper's Weekly.

HOUSE-WARMING.

This is the time of year when house-warming considerations are likely to be uppermost in the domestic mind. The local electric light company is exploiting the merits of electric fans for improving the house furnace chimney draft, the circulation of the warm air in the flues, and the heating efficiency of steam and hot water radiator surfaces.

Nearly every house warmed by hot air furnace has some particular room, and sometimes more than one, in which the warm air flue will not work. That is a case for electric fan service. Sometimes a steam or hot water radiator is a bit too small to keep a room as warm as it is wanted. There, likewise, the fan will help.

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Mother—Where is Mr. Asher. I thought you were going to play something for him? Daughter—Ah, the wretch! As I was putting the children and the dog out of the room, he slipped out with them.—Fliegende Blatter.

Hotel Visitor—Are there any deer about here? Gillie—Well, there was yin, but the gentlemen were aye shootin' and shootin' at it, and I'm thinkin' it left the deestrict.—Punch.

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SPORTING COMMENT

THE START OF THE WARD MARATHON.

JACK NEAR,
The winner of the Ward Marathon.

THE Ward Marathon this year proved as successful as ever, and the turn-out of runners and spectators showed that in this country, at least, the sport of long-distance running has lost little of its popular appeal. And this is all the more remarkable because in other parts of the world the Marathon game is admittedly on its last legs. But there was no falling off in enthusiasm among the spectators who witnessed Jack Near's victory after a plucky and well-judged run. As a result of the race, and the evident exhaustion of some of the contestants, there has been some talk of the dangers of such a competition. But in spite of the wobbling limbs and distorted faces of some of the runners at the finish, I doubt if long-distance running puts so severe a strain on the heart as some of the shorter races. Runners all claim that the middle-distance races from the quarter to the mile are the hardest, inasmuch as they are little more than one long sprint. Paull, who not long ago established a record for the mile, ran every hundred yards in an average of thirteen seconds. Such a race as this would, I think, be harder on the runner than a Marathon, even when run in record time.

* * *

THE Hurlingham polo committee is now considering what steps shall be taken to organize a team to visit this country next year for the purpose of winning back the cup won this summer by the American team. This committee has quite a task because it is admitted in British polo circles that the Whitney team was more than a match for any polo team combination of players that could be got together in England. This committee, too, will have to get together the best players in England who will be willing to devote their time to practice, and they will have to be prepared to play on grounds that are much faster than they have at home.

The polo season is waning in England now and not much can be done this year, but the fact that the committee has the matter in hand shows that the British polo players are not going to let the cup stay here without making a determined effort to take it away again. The London Field in its latest issue in reviewing the season says that it was the worst on record and shows why. It points out that more players were available and more teams organized than in former years. It says:

"Against this commendable increase of merit in the polo personnel there is the regrettable offset in the loss of the American cup, accompanied by its undignified wrangling, the product of the general dissatisfaction which was loudly expressed on the merits of the representative teams selected. It will take many seasons to obliterate this memory, although I am one who subscribes to the belief that Mr. Whitney's team, as witnessed at Hurlingham in June, was more than a match for any combination of players then at the disposal of England.

"At the moment of writing comes the official announcement that the Hurlingham polo committee will meet at the end of this month to consider what steps shall be taken to organize a team to visit America in quest of conquest. This announcement is really most gratifying to the many who had considered the delay in the light of procrastination, since every day tempered the ardor which defeat had aroused, and since considerable monetary support will be necessary, it was, and still is, highly important to strike while the iron is hot.

"The task before the Hurlingham committee is no light one, because it is now fully realized that to reclaim the possession of the American cup not only the best available team must be formed but that that team must be in perfect preparedness and practice. This is entirely a novelty. Hitherto the might of England in polo has only been tested on English turf, where she has shown an easy predominance of power, but the present problem contains two vital points for consideration, the first being the difference between American ground and English ones, the former being far faster and entirely strange in character to the average player in this country, and the latter is the absence of the offside rule, which has such a remarkable influence in changing the character of the game.

"How far will the committee be able to legislate for these alterations, it being essential that a team armed *cap-a-pie*, as it were, should have knowledge of local circumstance and conditions? As regards the offside rule it is perfectly feasible to practise it provided there be some exponent well versed in its conditions; but as to the ground, only those who have played on tropical and semitropical soils can judge how entirely different is a really fast surface compared with what we are pleased to term fast grounds. Then there is the financial side to consider, and it was freely rumored that £20,000 failed to cover Mr. Whitney's expenses from start to finish. The question of ponies is another problem which will take a vast deal of thought, and can hardly be satisfactorily settled until the team is selected, because it is essential that both player and pony should be suited to each other. But first and foremost comes the appointment of a captain whose word shall be law and in whose judgment and knowledge complete trust may be reposed. It is unlikely that very much will be done until the spring."

* * *

THE decision of Nat J. Cartmell, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania, to cross the amateur demarcation line and try his luck in the professional ranks created no surprise among the English athletic officials. For some time past they have had their eyes on the actions of the American sprinter who for months has been travelling around to all sorts of meets. A few weeks ago Sporting Life came out with some hard things about the shady amateurs, and Cartmell, thinking that his doom was sealed, went across the great divide before he was unceremoniously shunted over. In commenting on Cartmell's step the same paper hints that there are a few others ripe for transfers. It says: "We make no bones in stating that the furlong champion was one of those whose appearances at athletic meetings were in our mind when the remarks in question were penned, and from the facts which have come to our knowledge we have little doubt that Cartmell will find a more congenial sphere for his activities in the realm of professionalism than could be vouchsafed to him in the amateur ranks. For the furlong champion as an athlete we have the highest admiration and we wish him every success in the pursuit of the laurels and other incidentals attached to the professional world.

"Into his explanation of the reasons for crossing the Rubicon we need not delve too closely; they remind us of the reasoning of a prominent ex-champion with the principal cause omitted. However, Cartmell has crossed the Rubicon of his own accord, and with his example in front of them it is just possible that the Amateur Athletic Association will be stimulated into action against a few of the other star performers whose names are a byword at the present time. Also it is impossible that they will, as in previous instances, hesitate before instituting inquiries which may cause the foundation of amateurism to rock. But the boldest policy will be best in the long run, and if the defection of Cartmell warns the A. A. A. to adopt more stringent measures in the conservation of amateurism it may be that the furlong champion's action will be productive of lasting good."

* * *

A WONDERFUL walking performance recently was that of the veteran Ben Norwood in the twenty-four hour contest at Shepherd's Bush Stadium. He is 66 years of age, but this did not prevent him from sticking it out to the last minute with his more youthful opponents. He walked 100 miles exactly in 23 hours 44 minutes 21 seconds, which beats all sorts of records for old men, even including Weston and O'Leary. What is still more remarkable about Norwood is that he was fully beyond the half century mark before he ever took up track walking. He has been in the dry goods business all his life and a traveller for the last dozen years.

Norwood won his first prize when he was 56 years old, but it was not till 1902 that he did anything worth notice, and he won the mile off the 250 yards from W. J. Sturgess in 6 minutes 27 2-5 seconds, figures which would mean about 7 minutes 30 seconds for Norwood. During the season of 1903 he walked in fourteen races and won seven prizes, and in all the recent big road walks Ben figured among the competitors. In the Bradford walk this year, of 41 1-2 miles, which was a handicap, Norwood won first prize and he covered the distance in 8 hours 56 minutes 38 seconds, but in the Stadium walk he did better, covering the 40 miles in 8 hours 25 minutes 42 seconds. In his last event he moved along with a stoop and most of the spectators thought he should be in a jaded condition, but he covered four miles the last hour he was on the track, and when he was through walked off unaided.

PLAYFAIR.

"No," remarks the editor, with a mocking smile, "I cannot use your verses. You will pardon me for saying that they utterly lack sense, rhythm, meter, idea, form, construction and everything else that should be in a poem."

With proud though peeved heart the poet strode from the magazine office, took his verses to a popular song publisher, had them printed, and within six months, a millionaire, came back, bought the magazine and fired the editor.—Chicago Post.

Affluence isn't having more than your needs; it's having more than your neighbors.—Alice Van Leer Carrick, in October Smart Set.

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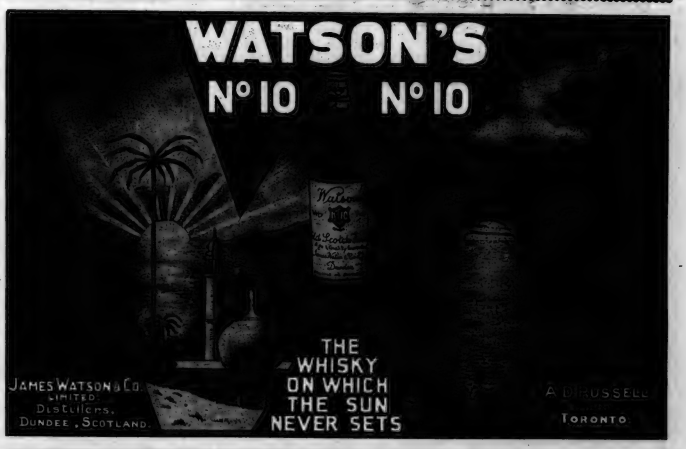

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THE DRAMA

KATHERINE EMMET,
In "The Bridge," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

FRITZI SCHEFF is always full of life and verve, is always clever and dainty, and is always in good voice. It is, therefore, no surprise to find that this time she possesses all her old charm and attractiveness. There is no need of trying to analyse the art of Fritzi Scheff at this time. For those who have seen the real, live—and how very much alive!—Fritzi, there is no need of such description; and for those who have not seen her—are there any who haven't?—the description would convey little idea of the piquant personality of this queen of comic opera.

As for the new comedy, "The Prima Donna," it is the thoroughly craftsmanlike piece of work for which one can safely rely on Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. The music is good throughout, though it does not contain any of those tunes which one catches like a bad cold. The book is full of bright lines and clever situations, and has much more of plot and consistency than usually falls to the lot of musical comedies. Altogether, it is a very successful production, well written, well scored, well set, and usually well played by a large and very capable company. Fritzi Scheff, while the bright particular star, is by no means the whole show. There are a number of other good parts, and they are well played. John E. Hazzard especially deserves mention for his excellent work as the music-master, though there are two or three other strong male parts.

* * *

"FOREIGN Exchange" is not so good a play as "The Man from Home." In fact, to be quite frank and nought extenuate, "Foreign Exchange" is not a good play at all. It is a purpose-play which has failed to achieve the purpose for which it was written or any other that the dramatists are likely to have entertained. It won't even make money. "Foreign Exchange" does not prove that international marriages are a bad thing, because it does not give any human or credible picture of such a marriage. The Don Juan type of French nobleman, whose mistresses rival his creditors in number; the sweet and ingenuous American girl who buys this coronetted Lothario and then is horrified to learn that he stays out o' nights; the corner-store-cracker-box kind of good old American father; the mother, fat, fifty, and furiously climbing; the depraved French fop, and the noble-hearted, though blunt and simple-mannered young American—all these people I have met before in various combinations and settings. But I don't think I ever before saw them reduced to such hopeless banality. Not even a very strong company could make them human and real enough to hold one's attention during the performance; and when such people as E. M. Holland, Henry Bergman and Percy Haswell cannot do this, the play and the characters must certainly be very much at fault. And this is the case. The production bears every mark of having been thrown together in wild haste, so as to take advantage of the popularity of that clever and amusing play by the same authors, "The Man from Home." Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson had better stick to comedy. Their attempts at tragedy and serious writing are funny, but not entertainingly so.

* * *

A LADY has sent in a letter taking very strong exception to my remarks on the playing of Shakespeare in these degenerate latter days, when tired business men seek relaxation in the winsome wriggles of musical comedy, rather than in the ponderous poundings of high tragedy. The letter is far too long to print—I am sorry to say—for certain passages about "outpourings of balderdash" and "pearls cast before swine" and the pygmy throwing stones at our giant" give it a zest peculiarly its own. This sweetly reasonable epistle is signed "Portia." The lady disagrees with me in the statement that the day for playing Shakespeare is past. She takes the orthodox view that such a time will never come. I would like to be able to see with "Portia" and a number of other worthy people on this subject, but while giving way to none in my admiration for Shakespeare's work, I must still plead guilty to regarding the average Shakespearean production as an ordeal. There are productions, of course, such as that of Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night," which are wholly delightful; but unfortunately such productions serve but to emphasize the defects of the average performance. And even these best productions have seldom proved profitable. Not that I would judge of plays on a box-office standard, but that Shakespearean productions are almost always financial failures, in

(*Concluded on page* 18.)

JOE WEBER,
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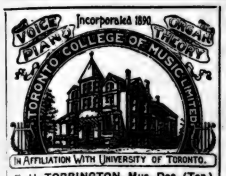

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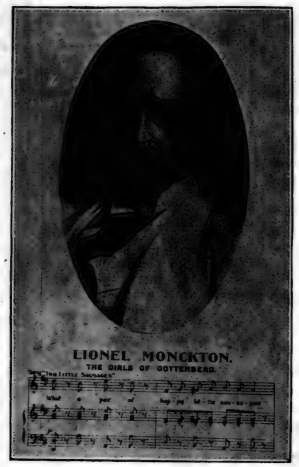

It was Byron who declared that "all foreigners excel the serious Angles in the eloquence of pantomime."

But, methinks Byron would in verity have awarded the palm to one of Anglo-Saxon blood could he have seen the exquisite performance of Isadora Duncan in the revival of classic dancing as exhibited in conjunction with the performance of the Damrosch Symphony Orchestra at Massey Hall on Tuesday evening.

One was ready to declare that her "very foot has music in 't," as one watched the lovely apparition of Grecian gracefulness moving with rythmic charm in the circle which Terpsichore had drawn with magic wand.

The change of programme from Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 to selections from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" and "Iphigenia in Tauris" was a disappointment to those who had come to test the wedding of the pantomimic art with that of absolute music.

The descriptive music which was performed lent itself very readily to the purposes of Miss Duncan's exquisite interpretations. Such pictures as those of the maidens at play by the seashore, the welcome to the Greek ships, the chorus of priestesses, the dance of the Amazons, and the Bacchanale, were rendered with a variety of pose and gesture and a plasticity of graceful movement; were enhanced by the dancer's diaphanous, flowing costume and the softly lighted stage; and were completed in perfection of versimilitude by the music from an orchestra of superb calibre.

But, inevitably, the music by sharing in interest with the dance possessed only a relative charm. One went away with a sceptical feeling that Beethoven would be no longer Beethoven if called upon to share his throne with a daughter of Zeus, no matter how lovely.

Absolute music in its effect upon the mind produces in the really musical person no definite picture, but rather a series of impressions that are fluctuating, mutable, evanescent, ethereal; which will probably differ with different persons and with different performances of the same composition, according to the mood of the performer and auditor.

Even the interpretations which a composer supplies for his own productions, as Schumann's well known explanation of his "Papillons," limits the range and diversity of their effect upon the mind; for while it gives to them the thoughts and incidents of one situation it debars them from receiving those, equally imaginative and equally appropriate, of many another.

However, in dancing to descriptive music, Miss Duncan won a triumph in Toronto which will not soon be forgotten, and which gave to the large audience present an evening of purest pleasure.

* * *

The concert by Madame Schumann Heink on Thursday, 7th inst., came too late in the week for earlier mention in these columns. The programme was a most eclectic one, and was delivered with all the potent spell of the great contralto's glorious voice. It would be difficult to say what was enjoyed the most, but memory lingers over the very dramatic recitative and aria from Mozart's "Titus," the sweetly simple "Ich liebe Dich" of Beethoven, the tremendous contrast in Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," the tragic music of his "Erl-King," the very dainty "Meine Liebe ist Grun" of Brahms, the climax in Lowe's ballad "Recognition," and the great pathos of Carrie Jacobs Bond's "His Lullaby."

* * *

It is my opinion that there is no one in Toronto who is better fitted to bring about the development of choral singing among the students at the University than is Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. The brilliant record which he achieved as conductor of the Toronto Male Chorus Club stamped him as a master in the art of the Maennerchor. His ability to handle men, and his happy faculty of being able to gather about him the best available material were characteristics that were always in evidence. And his reputation as one of our leading Canadian pianists added lustre to his position as a conductor.

It was therefore very pleasant to me to learn that Mr. Tripp is now organizing for the coming season the University Students' Massed Chorus and the University Glee Club. Voices are now being tested, and it is expected that these two organizations will succeed in resurrecting among the students the art of song, which for several years has lain dormant in our great institution of learning. The Massed Chorus will take up as its special work the better class of students' songs, while the Glee Club will devote itself to the study of male chorus concert numbers of a more advanced character. It is to be hoped that the public will have the opportunity, at some time during the season, of hearing the result of Mr. Tripp's efforts among the college men.

* * *

Director Emil Paur of the Pittsburg Orchestra arrived in New York from Vienna on Tuesday, and brought with him a noted first horn player for the orchestra.

The American Federation of Musicians through its president, Joseph N. Webber, have given Mr. Paur permission to import this musician.

The Union has heretofore prohibited the importation of players from Europe, but owing to this exceptional case, that of obtaining a first-class symphony orchestra horn player, the concession has been granted.

Mr. Paur will hear at the Savoy Hotel, New York, between two and three hundred players, for the purpose of filling up the ranks of the orchestra, which will be increased to ninety players this season. Among the numbers to be played in Toronto by the orchestra at the Schubert choir concerts in February will be Tschaikovsky's wonderful "Manfred" symphony; intermezzi, "Goldoniani," Bossi; introduction, "Fervaal," D'Indy. The subscription lists are now in the hands of the chorus.

* * *

The Boston Music Company are the publishers of a very effective song, set for alto or baritone, entitled "O Worship the Lord," by Dr. J. Humfrey Anger of this city. An interesting recitative in F minor, with free accompaniment, is followed by a melodious and attractive aria in the tonic major. The song is eminently suitable for the low voice, and should make a very useful church number. It is an excerpt from Dr. Anger's cantata, "A Song of Thanksgiving," which work will be performed by the choir of Central Methodist Church at their annual Thanksgiving concert on Thursday, Nov. 4, under Dr. Anger's direction.

* * *

No more satisfying composition for church choirs can be found than Alfred Gaul's cantata, The Holy City. It will be sung by the choir of Centennial Methodist Church, Dovercourt Road, on Thursday, Oct. 28, under the baton of Mr. J. E. Middleton and with Miss Perle Chelew at the organ. The quartette of soloists will be Miss Ada M. Davis, Mrs. Colin A. Campbell, Mr. Bruce Bradley and Mr. Marley Sherris.

* * *

For several years past Mrs. Drechsler Adamson has been conducting that flourishing organization known as the Conservatory String Orchestra, thereby accomplishing a valuable educational work in the interests of both the players and their audiences. Mrs. Adamson is the only member of the fair sex who wields the baton in public in Toronto, and that she does so with skill and distinction a series of successful concerts amply testify. On Tuesday evening next, in the Lecture Hall of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, the first rehearsal for the season will be held. Capable players of any stringed instrument will be made welcome by the pleasant little lady who conducts. Mrs. Adamson tells me that she has some excellent material already registered, but would like to augment the membership. Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" will be one of the first works to be taken up for study. I cannot speak too highly of the commendable nature of the work which Mrs. Adamson is accomplishing. Her own excellent powers as a violiniste and her general musicianship guarantee an excellent training in concerted playing to those who become members of the orchestra.

* * *

Mr. Albert Archdeacon has forwarded me the following information respecting the progress of choral music in South Africa:

"The third annual series of Musical Festivals, originated and arranged by Mr. Albert Archdeacon, in the South African Colonies concluded on Aug. 25. In all eleven centres were visited, 24 concerts being given, at which over 1,800 singers and instrumentalists took part, the soloists being brought from England by Mr. Archdeacon. The works included Elijah, Messiah, St. Paul, Hymn of Praise, Walpurgi's Night, Gounod's Faust, Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' Revenge, Chas. Harriss' 'Pan' and Pierne's 'The Children's Crusade.' The Festivals were chiefly notable musically for the splendid performances of Pierne's difficult work, and for the first visit to South Africa of a British composer in the person of D. Harriss of Ottawa, invited specially to conduct his own work. Mr. Archdeacon has already made arrangements for the 4th series of Festivals in 1910, the works to include Elgar's Caractacus, Berlioz Faust, Cæsar Franck's Beatitudes and Parsifal."

We see from the foregoing that Dr. 'Arriss is now a British composer. This is getting bewildering.

* * *

Invitations were issued for the first of a series of informal reception—musicales to be held at the Dominion Chambers Music Studios, beginning Saturday evening, October the sixteenth, and occurring once a month thereafter. There will be solo and concerted numbers for violin, voice and piano by Frank Converse Smith, W. Preston MacHenry, Ernest J. Seitz and George Frederick Liddle. Those who desire to attend future recitals of the series are requested to send their names by post or 'phone (College 4799), or to call personally. The school is always open to visitors, either friends or strangers.

* * *

The concert season opened in Peterborough on Friday, October 7th, when Harold Jarvis sang with enthusiastic acceptance to a large audience, with all his old time force and sweetness. He was assisted by a clever entertainer, Mrs. Helen Wyrick Shafor, of Detroit. This was the first concert of the Transcontinental Tour arranged for these two artists by Miss Maud C. Bradley, Brockville, beginning in Peterborough and proceeding through Western Ontario and the further Canadian West to Seattle, with every date taken to November 29th, when they fill their return engagements in Peterborough on St. Andrew's Eve.

* * *

The second organ recital in the series being given by Mr. Richard Tattersall, organist of the Church of St. Thomas, will be held in the Conservatory Music Hall this Saturday afternoon, October 16th, at 4 p.m. Invitation programmes for these recitals may be obtained on application at the office of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

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Willie—Papa, there's a big black bug on the ceiling. Papa (busy reading)—Well, step on it and don't bother me.—Boston Transcript.

"What does your husband like for his breakfast?" "Anything I haven't got in the house."—Cleveland Leader.

Conductor (on railroad train)—This isn't the right ticket, sir. Absent-minded Passenger—What's the matter with it? Conductor—This ticket calls for a diamond ring!—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

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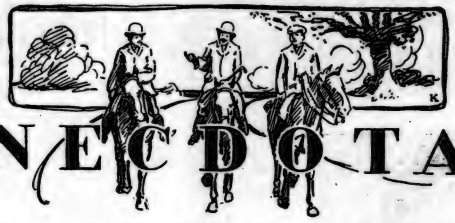


ANECDOTAL

THE great Dr. Johnston cherished a peculiar dislike for Scotchmen. And, in connection with this pet aversion of the famous lexicographer, G. K. Chesterton recalls the story of the Scotchman who, vexed at the jeers of Johnson against his country, said:

"Do you remember that God made Scotland?"

Johnson replied promptly: "Sir, you are to remember that He made it for Scotchmen."

Then, after a pause, he said in grave meditation: "Comparisons are odious; but God made hell."

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN fisherman tells a story of an old darky who risked his life when out fishing to save a small darky. He was asked whether the boy was his own.

"Oh, no, sah; he not my son."

"Well, was he some relative, that you risked your life for him?"

"No, sah; he no relative; no, sah."

"Then why did you plunge in that reckless way and fetch him out?"

"Well, sah, the fact is, sah, that that boy had the bait."

* * *

"THERE!" exclaimed the world-wide traveller, after relating to his friend the thrilling, half-hour story of a perilous adventure on Mont Blanc. "That was a bit of hair-raising, wasn't it?"

"Rather!" chimed in the friend. "I should just think! But, you know, you've told me most of that story before."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the traveller. "I'm very sorry, old man! When was that?"

"Oh, last April," carelessly replied the friend. "And in the four months since you have climbed to the top, succored a fainting guide, sustained a snowstorm on the summitt, aided two benumbed strangers on the way down, and guided an entire party to the foot!"

* * *

ON a recent Sunday the clergyman of a parish church in Kent was reading the notices for the week, and concluded by saying:

"There will be christening next Sunday at ten-thirty." He then slowly walked to the pulpit. Suddenly turning toward the congregation, he remarked in severe tones:

"Remember, Mrs. Tomlinson, I said ten-thirty. A year ago you were late, I believe."

* * *

A CERTAIN well-known member of Congress has a house down in Washington. One of the fixtures of the place is an old negro servant named Sally Ann. In the congressman's presence on Sunday morning she broke a big cut glass dish at the sideboard.

"What have you broken now, you ——— black mushfinger?" yelled the member, who possesses a very expressive vocabulary.

Sally Ann was quite unnerved, but she replied, very humbly: "'Taint de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd!"

* * *

THE other day a golfer after he had foozled a drive said:

"I'm as bad as a Scotch laird at St. Andrews. The St. Andrews caddies are all old men, and one day when this laird was in especially bad form, his caddie, after nine holes of missed shots and putts, shook his gray old head, surrendered the laird's bag of clubs to another caddie, and said:

"Ye'll no mind, laird? I made but a poor breakfast this mornin', and I'm no in a condition to stand any mair o't."

* * *

ONE day on a little-travelled side-line there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said:

"Bub, what do you get for hoeing those potatoes?"

"Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and hell ef I don't."

* * *

JOHN W. TITCOMB, of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, said recently of a fishing excursion:

"I once made a fishing excursion to a stream that flowed behind a lunatic asylum. As I sat and smoked on the bank, watching my cork, I noticed a strange object floating down toward me with the current. I saw that it was a man. He had all his clothes on, and he was swimming in the strangest way. I verily believe every part of him was submerged but one nostril.

"'Hi!' I shouted, 'what are you doing there?'

"He lifted his head from beneath the surface, and then, before drawing it under again, he snapped:

"'Sh-sh! Don't interfere! I'm a submarine!'"

* * *

"REGINALD, dear, you puckered up your lips just then as if you were going to kiss me," said the beautiful creature languorously, as she lay stretched on the beach surveying the frolics of Neptune.

"I intended to," replied Reginald hesitatingly, "but I seem to have some sand in my mouth."

"For Heaven's sake swallow it," exclaimed the young lady. "You need it badly in your system!"

* * *

AFTER the operation for appendicitis was over and the patient had recovered from the effects of the anæsthetic, the skillful surgeon looked around for his watch. It was nowhere in sight.

"You don't think, doctor," anxiously inquired the patient, "you could possibly have sewed it up in——"

"I'm afraid I have. It was lying on—no, it wasn't. I've found it. I had laid it down in my hat."

"Well, that's lucky!"

"It is indeed, my friend," said the surgeon with a sigh of relief. "That watch cost me $150."

* * *

THE pretty young teacher was struggling to impart spelling-book lore to a small Italian boy. "Chief" was the word under consideration. "C-h-e-f," spelled Tony laboriously.

"Oh, now Tony," she said, "you've left out one letter. Can't you think what it is?"

Tony shook his shiny, black head.

"Its name is just the same as something you have," she went on, looking straight into his eyes. "I can see them looking at me this minute, right out of your head—two big, brown ones."

"Bugs!" shouted Tony triumphantly.

* * *

A WEALTHY gentleman living in North Devon, who took a great interest in the church, offered to give the choir a treat, and decided on the really princely one of taking them for a week to Paris.

He escorted them himself to places of interest and beauty in that charming city, but not once during their whole stay, or even on their return, did one of the men say to him that he had liked the trip or had enjoyed himself.

Naturally anxious to know whether they had done so, a few days after their return he asked one of the church wardens, a farmer in the village, whether he thought the men had enjoyed their time in Paris. The church warden cogitated for a moment or two.

"Well, sir," he said at length, "I ain't heard no complaints."

* * *

AN architect and man of newly gained wealth were consulting as to some details of a new house being built for the latter.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic?" asked the architect.

The client looked dubious.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic patterns?"

"I don't know so much about that," he finally said. "I ain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and maybe he knew a lot about the law. As regards laying floors, though, I kinder think I'd rather have 'em unsectarian."

* * *

THE child who defined a mountain range as "a large-size cook-stove" had imagination, if not accurate information.

On a test paper at Sheffield Scientific School, an older student made a much worse blunder.

The question read, "What is the office of the gastric juice?"

The answer, no doubt struck off in the heat and hurry of the examination, was "The stomach."

* * *

A STORY is told of "a very sinful wag" who was lunching with Dr. Lyman Abbott, and referred repeatedly to his connection with Outing. At last Dr. Abbott could stand it no longer and protested:

"But, my dear sir, I am not the editor of Outing. I have never had anything to do with Outing. While I live I hope never to edit Outing. I am the editor of The Outlook."

"Why, bless me, so you are!" cried his vis-a-vis. "Funny I should have made that mistake. Really, couldn't have confused two periodicals more strikingly different. Whereas Outing makes a religion of sport, The Outlook—"

It was not necessary to complete the antithesis.

* * *

"GREAT Cæsar, old man," exclaimed Brown, as he opened the door and found his friend's house brilliantly illuminated at noonday. "What does this mean? Why are all these blankets over the windows and why is the gas burning in the daytime?"

"Sh!" whispered Guyer, cautiously, "it's a scheme of mine."

"What kind of a scheme?"

"Why, my wife is in the country and I tell her I remain home every night and read. I've got to get rid of some gas somehow so it will go on the bill at the end of the month."

* * *

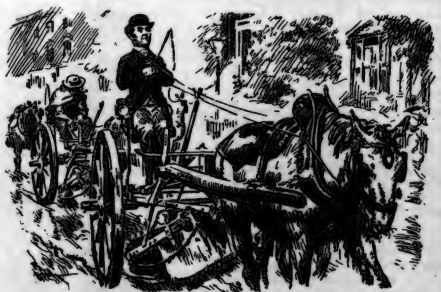
A TOURIST in rural Scotland once took refuge for the night in the cottage of an old lady. He asked her to wake him early in the morning, warning her that he was quite deaf.

Upon awakening much later than the appointed hour he found that the old lady, with strict regard for the proprieties, had slipped under his door a slip of paper upon which was written:

"Sir, it's hauf past eicht."

WHAT SHE DREADED.

Vicar: "All sinners, Mary, will be washed whiter than snow."
Mary (anxiously): "Not them as truly repents, sir, I 'opes, sir."—The Tatler.



Thomas Jarvis (formerly head-coachman to the Vere de Veres) who, though ousted from his place by the motor-car and obliged to accept less splendid employment, yet retains his old dignity and style.—Punch.

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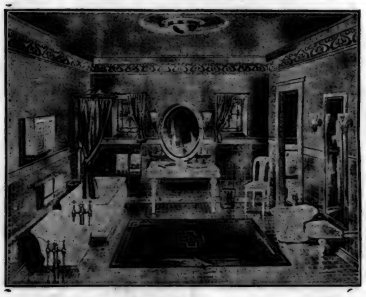

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Column

MANY a funny little yarn has been told of the recent celebration in New York. A woman who took it in has given me one I am passing on to you. As she sat in her reserved seat before her hotel, a certain poor mother with a fretful baby paused near her. Wedged in by the crowd alongside of the mother was a small newsboy, with a face like an English walnut. The unfortunate baby squalled pitifully, much to the newsboy's disgust; he fidgetted and grunted, and finally turned, out of patience, to the mother. "Aw," said he, "give de burd a worm!"

Dr. Wilfred Campbell's new novel, "A Beautiful Rebel," is out, and makes interesting reading for loyal Canadians. It tells of the troublous times of 1812, and will be historically informing to people who have forgotten or lost sight of the events that led up to the climax, the death of General Brock on Queenston Heights on October 13 in that eventful year. The story vibrates between "York," now our own Toronto, and the shores of Lake Erie, where several of the characters reside. Dr. Campbell has drawn some very real people, and the idea came to me that there is a suggestion of several other tales in the brief sketches of work and character sometimes popping into the main story. Lydia Bradford, the beautiful rebel, her visionary father and turbulent brother, the mother "instinct with duty," who was "the embodiment of a quiet patience tempered by some asperity, which dealt only with the practical," make a family group one realizes thoroughly. Dr. Campbell has heredity very strongly shadowing the lives of some of his characters, a notion which may or may not appeal to his readers, and an unsolved mystery in regard to the hero recalls to my mind a tradition of the lake shore which may possibly have suggested it to him. At all events, "A beautiful Rebel" is a Canadian story which every Canadian should read and enjoy. One little character sketch, the Methodist circuit rider, Parson Webb, with his gentle, shrewd, kindly face and pleasant gray eyes, rapt with religious emotion or twinkling with humor, is highly and skilfully drawn. One sees and hears the good little man. The Westminster Company, Limited, Toronto, brings out this book.

When I was a very little girl, I had an occasional visit to pay, which I anticipated with the keenest interest and delight. It was a call upon an ancient lady who had been a "Countess," a real Countess in England, but who married a commoner and came to Canada to end her days. One day she told me a story about herself, and showed me a book in which was a letter from Lord Byron, remarking, among other things, that he "didn't think Mary would ever have made so pretty a Countess." Mary, the old lady explained, was herself, and she looked pretty as she said it. The story has become very confused and dim in my memory, but I went home and dreamed over it for many days, and some day, who knows, it may all come back to me.

There were possibilities of romance and tragedy in old days when mysterious settlers, reticent to dumbness and owning marvellous plate and exquisite lace, and no faculty for housekeeping, come into some quiet backwood community to abide. I remember hearing of a brother and sister, the latter a widow, with a small son, who lived secluded lives until one day a Royal Personage came to the neighborhood for hunting. The brother went with the party to the hunting grounds, and the Royal Personage walked with him after dinner in the woods, and they talked long and earnestly. When the hunting party came back to civilization, the Royal Personage sent a letter to the widow, over which she shed many tears, and then, tricking her fine boy out in his best, sent him off to the rooms of the Royal Personage. The little lad, then about five years old, remained all day in the arms, so to speak, of the Royal Personage, who scarcely took his eyes off him during his visit. Some few years after this, the boy sickened and died, and a simple stone marking his grave bears but one name and—it is the name of the Royal Personage. And this is but one of many fascinating mysteries which this young country knew about when it was a trackless and almost unsettled colony.

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IT is particularly gratifying to us to notice the increasing demand for models from our own workrooms. No effort or expense has been spared to accomplish this, for with the ever increasing prices of the imported pattern hats, such a movement was imperative for the success of any modern Millinery establishment. The perfected "Murray Pattern" costs far less than half the price of the French model from which it is copied and is equal, we think, in fact frequently an improvement on the original; absolute care of every little detail by skilled artists in the arrangement of its every line, and the perfect harmony of color is due the success of the Murray Hat, and with such endless variety of designs they are the wonder and the admiration of all who behold them.

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DURABILITY

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"The Beer that is always O. K."

Real Old English Ale

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O'KEEFE'S
Extra Mild Ale

It is brewed right—aged right—bottled right—looks right—tastes right—IS right.

Imported ales cost more because of the duty—but you will never find one that you'll enjoy more than O'KEEFE'S.

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TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN

(Established 1692)

AGENTS—MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page 14.*)

spite of excellent casts at times and superb settings, is an indication that the average theatre-goer does not want them. And this was what I meant when I said that the day for Shakespeare had about passed for continuous presentation, such as Mantell gives.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—"The Bridge."
Princess—Joe Weber's Company.
Grand—"A Knight for a Day."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Majestic—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"The Majestics."

THEY call them the "white glove brigade." No, they are not soldiers, or ushers at a swell church wedding, but the forty odd stage hands who set the scenes of "The Bridge" in which Guy Bates will appear at the Royal Alexandra next week. So rich and dainty are the furnishings of several of the scenes which Harrison Grey Fiske has provided that for the first time on record stage hands are required to wear white gloves during the performance of their duties, in order to protect the scenes and properties from any chance of becoming soiled. Of course, the white glove rule doesn't hold for the mammoth bridge scene, with its heavy girders and spans and iron implements just as one would find them in the construction of a real bridge, but during the setting and striking of all other scenes, white gloves become the vogue behind the scenes. The scene of the last act, which shows a reception room in a New York hotel, is perhaps the most sumptuous of all. It is modelled directly after a hall in the famous Barbarini palace even to its ornate frescoings and carvings, while the panels contain most beautiful mural decorations. The draperies of blue and gold velvet were designed especially for the production after the well-known Orsini design. The furniture of the room was selected piece by piece in the art-shops of Florence, and re-upholstered in the richest fabrics. Although not so elaborate, the scene of the third act is even daintier.

* * *

Joe Weber's Company will be seen at the Princess Theatre. for one week, beginning Monday, Oct. 18th. In order to make his latest offering absolutely up-to-date, Mr. Weber has improved his last year's production by preparing a burlesque entitled "The Merry Widow" and "The Devil." This is a satire on the two biggest successes New York has known of late, namely "The Merry Widow" and "The Devil." The burlesque has been written by George V. Hobart, who has intertwined the characters and complications of the two plays so that they make an absolutely original story that will interest and entertain anyone who has never seen either of the originals. On the other hand those who have seen the original plays will be fascinated by the humor of this composite satire. Of course most of the charming music which Franz Lehar wrote for "The Merry Widow" is still in evidence, while a number of songs by popular writers have been added. Among those may be mentioned a Scotch song, "Bonnie, My Highland Lassie," sung by Helen Redmond, who is doing as much for Scotch songs as she did some time ago for Irish. The production has been staged by Julian Mitchell. Joe Weber himself appears in the prominent role of Heinrich Disch, the valet of Prince Dandilo, one of his most humorous creations. In the supporting company are Helen Redmond, Chas. Stine, Oscar Ragland, Ernest Woods and Marcia Harris.

* * *

"A Knight for a Day," the musical comedy, with a record for success elsewhere, will be presented at the Grand next week. The story is not what the title might suggest. It is nothing mediaeval. Contrariwise, the comic interest is very much of to-day. Briefly, it relates the misadventures of a little nimble-witted restaurant waiter and a dull-minded and awkward servant lady. The entanglement of this pair involves a real knight, but of the modern frock coat kind.

* * *

Manager Shea will offer a great show to the patrons of Shea's Theatre next week. He has for a headliner Frank Fogarty, "The Dublin Minstrel," who has not been seen in Toronto for some time. The special features included in the bill for the week are: The Exposition Four (Alexander Bros. and Brady); Howard Truesdale and Company, presenting a one-act comedy entitled "A Corner in Hair"; and Nellie V. Nichols, singing comedienne. Other acts well known on the vaudeville stage are: Will Rogers, the lariat thrower; Spissell Bros. and Co., Pantomimic Jugglers; Suzanne Rocamora, a dainty singer; Max York's Dongs, and the Kinetograph.

* * *

Julian Eltinge, the clever female impersonator, whose characterizations have gained for him a continental reputation, is booked for the Majestic Music Hall next week, and will present his latest creations, "The Nell Brinkley Girl," "The Bathing Girl," "The Hoyden," and his latest sensational dance, "The Goddess of Incense." Another feature act is that given by "Little Hip," the smallest elephant in the world. Other acts on the bill include Estelle Wordette and company in "A Honeymoon in the Catskills"; Josie McIntyre, singing comedienne, and Marguerite and Ardrill, acrobats.

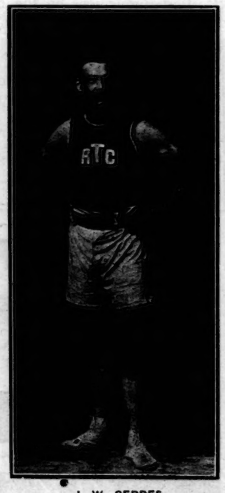
* * *

The patrons of the Gayety are promised a real, sure-nuff musical comedy next week, when Fred Irwin brings "The Majestics" to the Richmond street theatre. It is said to be an original comedy with its own music and songs, and a company of sixty members, including a good chorus of male and female voices.

FIRST NIGHTER.

A Veteran Marathoner.

A PERFORMANCE like that of J. W. Geddes, of the Toronto Rowing Club, in the Ward Marathon, makes one consider long-distance running as a light and beneficial exercise for the aged. Not that Mr. Geddes is precisely a centenarian; but when a man of fifty-one can make the excellent showing he did, there is some reason to believe that distance-running is a sport which can be carried on into later years with good results. It is true that he came in pretty close to the wrong end of the first hundred to finish, and he had little to spare on the three-hour limit; but he ran a good strong race throughout, and if he had not stopped to assist a young competitor who was badly exhausted, he would have finished much higher up. As it was he received a special silver medal as a recognition of his excellent work. Mr. Geddes is a long-distance runner and walker from inclination, and every now and then he goes out and takes a little twenty-mile trot for the fun of the thing. He has also made some excellent distance records.



J. W. GEDDES.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

BEARDMORE—At Acton West, Ont., on October 10, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Beardmore, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CLARK—FLOOD—On Wednesday, October 6, 1909, at Paisley, George M. Clark, of Toronto, to Kathleen, daughter of William Flood, Esq., of Paisley.

HARDY—KERR—On October 7, 1909, at Petrolia, Dr. Ethelbert Brown Hardy, of Toronto, to Nellena Elizabeth Buist Kerr.

DEATHS.

BOULTBEE—At Toronto, on October 13, Constance Fanny Boultbee.

Vogue in Hand Bags

FASHION demands that the well-dressed lady should have a hand-bag to match every costume—and a different bag for every occasion.

The styles shown here are the season's newest creations, which are in vogue in the fashion centres of Europe and America.

Our assortment, which is the most exclusive in Canada, contains all of the newest styles being used this season.

In all shapes and shades, from $5.00 up to $35.00.

RYRIE BROS., Limited
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"Gold Medal" Mattresses

Don't buy mattresses haphazard—ask to look at the inside. We have a new arrangement whereby "Gold Medal" Mattresses can be opened at the end and let customers see precisely what they are getting. The superior quality of elastic felt used in their manufacture ensures all the comfort of the finest hair mattresses at one-fourth the cost. Everything about them is clean, wholesome and sanitary. Sold with a guarantee of positive satisfaction or money refunded.

"Hercules" Bed Springs

Sold on a month's trial, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. These Springs are made by a patent process of interlacing wires that ensures wonderful strength and resiliency, and allows for the hardest kind of usage. The combination of "Hercules" Springs and "Gold Medal" Mattresses represents the complete embodiment of luxurious comfort, with nothing better to be had at any price. They retain their original unique elasticity for many years, and deserve all the kind things that have been said about them.

The Gold Medal Furniture Manufacturing Company, Ltd.
W. J. McMURTRY, President
BRANCH FACTORY AT MONTREAL — TORONTO — BRANCH FACTORY AT WINNIPEG

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FAMOUS CASTLE BRAND

3 for 50 Cents

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Matinees Wednesday & Saturday
NEXT WEEK
Joe Weber's
BIG TRAVESTY COMPANY
IN THE
MERRY WIDOW AND THE DEVIL
By Arrangement with Henry W. Savage.
Direct from Weber's Theatre, N.Y.
Augmented Orchestra, Metropolitan Cast, and the Handsomest Chorus in the World.
SEATS NOW SELLING.

Something new! Something great! the Mitchell "Slide-Easy" Tie. Binding ties a thing of the past — this tie slides easy under any collar. Made in any pattern or color.

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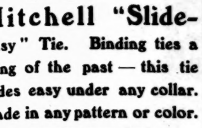

All first-class shops keep, or can get, them in the very newest effects—50c to $1.00. If yours will not, write for addresses of shops in Canada which have them.

MITCHELL "SLIDE-EASY" TIE CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Two Telephones in Your Home

YES—It's worth considering.

Remember how difficult it was to decide where to place your first telephone?

Perhaps your experience of having just one telephone, whether located upstairs or downstairs, will convince you of the added

Convenience An Extension Set Offers

Then no matter where the call finds you — your telephone is close at hand.

No more stair climbing with its labor and loss of time.

500 Operators at Your Service Day or Night

The Extra Cost is Small

Get an estimate from Contract Dept., Main 5460.

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Open a current account and pay bills by cheque.

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Paying household and personal accounts by cheque prevents the possibility of mistakes. Once a bill has been paid by cheque it cannot be collected again, because the cheque is a receipt that gives all the particulars of payment.

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DOCTORS

find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.

HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

A Change of Owners.

No more pathetic situation has come to our attention recently than that implied in the following advertisement, clipped from a well-known New England newspaper:

"For Sale—In Pittsfield, Mass., a large boarding-house with 35 boarders. Business and property near Stanley plant. Address *Republican Correspondent*, Pittsfield, Mass."

Thirty-five of them, and probably knowing no more of their destination than fowls on a siding in a crated car. Free to leave if they do not like the new landlady? True only in theory, not in practice, as those know who have studied boarder nature. It will take more than one turn of the screw, however bitter the new regime, to goad those boarders to the packing point. Action is preceded by long passive discontents; and you will often see a house of writhing boarders, who nevertheless remain. It is known to historians and economists, but to students of boarder life the immobility of human indignation comes often as a surprise. It is a rare boarder who gets away as soon as you think he would. We have known keepers who could so neatly gauge the turning of the worm as to mete out rigors for a term of years and always just within the danger line—maddening but not expulsive—every inmate seething, yet none quite boiling over and out. Knowing the art of "falling off" and the exact margin of safe encroachment, they drew their best advantage from houses kept thus just below eruption-point, houses of smothered rage. We have known keepers changed from kind to cruel whose boarders still stayed on, and years afterward have seen them there, greatly emaciated. There are no more unpunctual fugitives. That is the danger of the Pittsfield situation. We may of course be doing some injustice to the new owner of the thirty-five, but we have had in mind the dictum of Prometheus that new keepers are always savage when they first begin.—The Bookman.

Living in a Box.

The Make-shift Home of a Caribou Miner in the Old Days.

Out on the Caribou trail there is an old piano box which a prospector used as his home for some months. No one can tell what became of the piano that was once inside, but the chances are that it went to some mining camp where, perhaps, but one or two of the population could play it. There are thousands of people like the grizzled miners of that famous gold district who love music, but have never had the opportunity of learning the thousand and one things and spending the thousand and one hours necessary for the development of a pianist. They have temperament without technique. But this 20th century has produced a complete piano technique in a box. It is called the Angelus pneumatic piano-player, and is installed as an interior part of the famous Canadian piano, the Gourlay. Any person can play the Gourlay-Angelus. He can produce all the gradations of tone from pianissimo to the most splendid forte. He can control the tempo instantaneously. He can accent or pause on any single note that he may desire, he can accelerate the time in a climax; in fact, he can do everything that Paderewski can do with his fingers. All that the operator requires, to give a virtuoso performance of any great work for the piano, is a taste for music, for the Angelus Artistyle Music Rolls are now marked in a manner calculated to give anyone the composer's idea at once. The Gourlay-Angelus is the joy of the amateur and Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming have done great things for musical culture in this country by producing it. It can be seen at the Yonge Street Warerooms of the firm.

Do you find during the winter months that you get sufficient hot water for all purposes in your home? If you use gas for cooking and therefore have discarded the coal range, with its water front, you find that hot water becomes an expensive luxury instead of having plenty at the taps. These difficulties can be overcome by having your furnace connected with the Domestic Boiler in your kitchen. In this way a great deal of heat can be utilized that otherwise goes up the chimney. A. Welch & Son, 304 Queen West, make a feature of this work, and will be pleased to give particulars upon request.

Mother—"Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday-School."

Johnny (with a far-away look)—"Yes, mamma."

Mother—"How does it happen that your hands smell of fish?"

Johnny—"I carried home the Sunday School paper, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale."—Western Christian Advocate.

Think What Such Soap as This Means in Your Home

Soap for the Toilet— *—Soap for the Work*

Infants' Delight

Think how unwise it is to continue using common soaps when you can have INFANTS' DELIGHT for no greater expense. For this soap is different from any you have ever known. We go ten thousand miles to the Orient for pure cocoanut oil and to the gardens of France for the best olive oil we can buy. So we put our very best into every cake.

Then we mill the soap by our secret process and crush it under a weight of 30 tons. After this it goes through heavy granite rollers and comes out in miles of silky ribbons—then it is pressed into cakes. Can you imagine a more delightful soap for washing, bathing, manicuring or shampooing? Ask your dealer for a cake—it's 10c everywhere.

Taylor's

Borax Soap

Here is a soap that does its work almost like magic. Where other soaps cleanse it goes further and whitens and purifies. In the kitchen it digs into the corners of the dishes and cuts away the grease in a hurry. In the laundry it saves most of the rubbing for it dissolves the dirt instantly and makes the clothes snowy white. The clothes come out free from any soapy smell—the colored goods brighter and the woolens softer than ever before.

Borax makes hard water soft and is as harmless to the hands and clothes as common salt. Please try one bar of this soap with your next washing—see how it saves its own cost by lasting longer and reducing the work to half. Price 5c a bar at all dealers.

[7]

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SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuit with half pint of milk, a little fruit and a cup of coffee. Delicious and strengthening. Try it.

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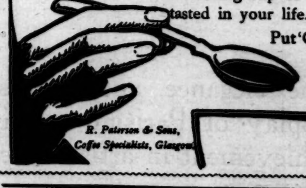
A teaspoonful of 'CAMP,' sugar, milk, boiling water—that's all! Result—the most fragrant, delicious, refreshing cup of coffee you ever tasted in your life.

Put 'CAMP' on your grocery order to-day.



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This famous wine is becoming recognized in Canada as superior to all others.

The word "Ruinart" on a bottle is the surest possible guarantee of champagne quality.

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The elegance and exclusiveness apparent in our display of Parisian evening gowns exemplifies an achievement in artistic dress designing.

The Redfern creation in the centre of our illustration, priced at $375.00, embodies the utmost decree of Fashion as educed in Paris, the fur trimming suggesting the newly popular Russian effect while the heavy hand-worked metal garnitures are reminiscent of Ancient Egypt.

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